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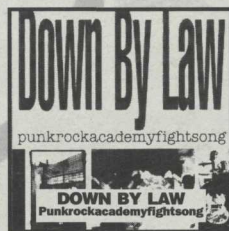
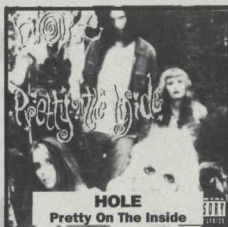


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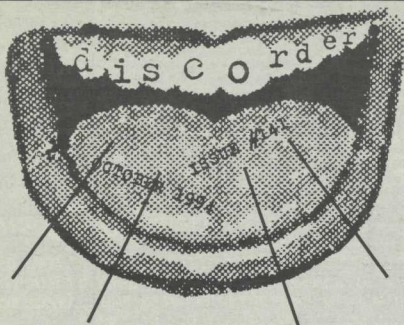
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DIS-cover

Megan of Tickle Trunk tells it like it is on our elegant October cover. Photographer Sanya Menchin caught this great shot at the ghouliest event of the year, Grrrpalooza.

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PRINTERS
Van Press Printers

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Circulation 15,000

Subscriptions: payable in advance, in Canadian dollars, can \$15 for one year, in residents of the U.S., \$15 USD. CAN CDM to support disorders. Single copies are \$2.00 (in some parts of Canada). Please make cheques or money orders payable to DISORDER Magazine.

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Dear Airhead/Grant Lawrence, Andy from Inland to Inland here. Thanks for the great review last issue. Imagine my surprise to find out I am in "another all-female Vancouver band"! Wow! This explains alot...i can't wait to tell the other two fellas in the band. It's also near how 3/4 of our band is close to 30 years of age yet still are able to produce "juvenile harecore"...cool. Grant also liked

all the "stuff to read on both bands", but wait, why couldn't he read the guys names, or (evidently) the lyric sheet? If Juvenile means naive, inexperienced or childish, like (i think) he meant—I wonder if he read the words at all? I'll enclose a copy of our lyric booklet—you make the call: You can get these booklets at our shows...but you wouldn't know that because like all the juvenile-girl-bands in Vancou-

ver you won't see us at the Hungry Eye, Starfish Room, Town Pump etc....and DISORDER don't do D.I.Y.

Yer Pal,
Andy

Editor,

This is in regards to your review of my 'zine, *Pool Dust*, and who-ever wrote the review.

Well, you got one thing right: besides skateboarding, I am working on two degrees at a university. I write, I take pictures, yes, I do more than skate.

However, your review paints me, as I am the sole *Pool Dust* worker, as some sort of sexist buffoon propagating stereotypes. I feel I must write in my defense.

First, the pictures in question were paid ads. Regardless of any stance I might take on sexism, censorship, morality, etc., first and foremost I am a very low income student and it would be very difficult for someone like me to refuse a chance at coming closer to breaking even.

Second, one must define sexism and exploitation, and from those two come a shifload of others such as art, erotica, pornography, etc. which lead to discussions of beauty, acceptability, morality, etc. My pri-

mary concern is whether or not the ads harmed anyone, incited anyone to violence or acts of degradation against women. I doubt it.

Third, if you think nudity is offensive, you might be experiencing what is known as a "knee-jerk politically-correct reaction," a.k.a. a "hang-up."

Finally, look at the magazine you write for, specifically pages 4, 10, the Pansy Division centerfold (my word!), 16, 17, 21, and 27. Nudity/sexuality abounds. I hope you'll "do the right thing" and quit writing for that smutty mag, *Disorder*.

On the flip side, women do sell skateboards; granted it is usually to narrow-minded hormone-driven teenagers. Too bad, however, one always has the right not to support the shop, but not the right to suppress freedom of ideas, including advertising. It really works both ways.

A final fallacy, because of the *zine* in *Disorder*, I feel alienated as a boy to go into shops that carry the magazine. I went so far as to quit my job at the record/comic shop because they carried your 'zine. Is that far enough?

Oh, and by the way, I don't like to see pictures of people eating hot dogs with lizard legs and tails sticking out. Jerks.

Sincerely,
Chris Lundry
Pool Dust 'zine
PO Box 85664
Seattle, Wa.
98145-1664

P.S. Your 'Grunge City' cheap shot was way off the mark. My 'zine covers primarily punk, and you would have noticed that if you got past the back page.

Dear Chris,
Hello, my name is Trish Kelly. I am the person who wrote the review of your 'zine in *Disorder*. I am glad that you wrote a response to that review and now I would like to respond to the justifications you offered.

I'm really sorry that you are working towards a double major, that must be really rough. I can understand that you must be short on money. I am very sorry that someone so privileged as to have a chance at a college education is willing to exploit other human beings to achieve that degree of success. But I guess maybe it is just me that believes that if you have to stand on the backs of others, it really isn't worth it. I don't buy your justifications.

Next point: I find it so interesting that someone should be so against "political correctness" because it restricts our language and diminishes it, but that same person will do the same thing to another person by calling them PC. I know the tactic. If I say something that challenges your ideals or questions if they exist, you will call me PC and that kills the conversation. I am not politically correct, I am concerned with how my actions affect others.

How can you in one sentence say that it is true that girls sell skate-

boards, but then in the next sentence accuse me of having a hangup? Actually, maybe I do have a hangup. You see, when I read your 'zine, I get caught up in the fact that I know I am not an equal. I don't identify with the dope smoking boys in their big protective clothes. I identify with that naked (or half naked) girl standing all exposed to the weather and your critical eye; I identify with the girl in the picture who knows that *girls have nothing to do with skateboarding*. If you were displaying naked people as a means of liberating them, that would be one thing. But you are exposing them and exploiting them for your own benefit.

You have complete control over what your paid advertisers give you. You are in control of what you print. If you can't find other sponsors and you can't afford it, then you shouldn't be doing a 'zine. I know it is possible to publish without those ads because I write a 'zine and I have managed to go a whole year without any advertising. And yeah, it is expensive and comes out of my pocket, but if you are doing your 'zine because you love to, not because it is your economics class project, you would find a way to do it without those shops. You see, if you really didn't want to be sexist and were against those kind of ads, you could do something. You could tell them no and they would listen because if your 'zine is a good place to advertise they will want to be in it. You are just perpetuating sexism and the division that your privilege includes.

I'm glad that you do more than skate. And I'm really glad that you are in school. Exactly what year do you take Ethics?

Sincerely,
Trish Kelly

Right on sister! And by the way, Chris, in your summation of DISORDER's naughty bits you missed some good, offensive dog humping on page 25. - ed.

All letters are printed as received (unless otherwise stated), so don't blame us if you sound like a bone head!

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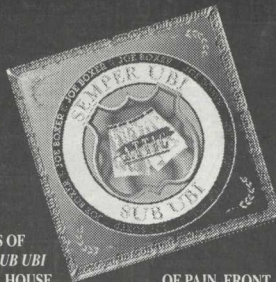
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OF PAIN, FRONT

LIFE WITH THE FAMILY ENNDYE

IN THIS DREAM, THE BLACK SHINGLE SHORE WAS TROUBLED BY SINGULARLY SLUGGISH WAVES DELIVERING YELLOW FOAM TO MY FEET. THE FOAM HISSSED, ALTHOUGH THE SKY LOW-ERED, THE MOON GLOW-ERED CORPSE-WHITE AND THE WHOLE DREAM BOILED AROUND ME. I LOOKED EVER AND ONLY AT ONE WAY, WHICH BORE A DARK BURDEN LIKE A SHIP'S TIMBER ON IT'S CREST. OCCASIONALLY THE UGLY MOON'S LIGHT CAUGHT ON GLINTING NAIL-HEADS, IRON BANDS, AND CORNER CLASPS, ALL LOOSE-EN FROM THE DARK OAK AND COAXED NEARLY FREE BY THE SUCKING SEA. THIS COFFIN, FOR COFFIN IT WAS, MADE IT'S HEAVY LAND-ING. I WAS NOT ASTON-ISHED TO SEE IT'S IRONS FALL, IT'S LID RISE, OR IT'S OCCUPANT'S FACE APPAR-ENTLY ALIVE. THOUGH BLUE AND CRUELLY REDUCED OF FLESH AND WARM EXPRESSION, HE WAS IMMEDIATELY CLAD IN SEVERE EVENING DRESS, THE LACE AT HIS THROAT NO MORE BLUE-WHITE THAN HIS FACE AND HANDS. HE PUSHED HIS GRAYEYARD WESSEL OUT TO SEA, I'D WAITED SO LONG FOR THIS WITHOUT KNOWING IT. HE DRIIFTED TO ME, LEANED CLOSE, AS I DID TOO, TO CATCH THE ALL-IMPORTANT WORDS, "SEEN NICOLE AROUND, HONEY? I'M LOOKING FOR HER." I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT WAS IT SHE, OR ME, OR HE THAT WAS ON THE WRONG BEACH AT THE WRONG TIME! THIS WAS SO TYPICAL OF MY LIFE THAT I BEGAN TO DOUBT THAT IT WAS A DREAM. CREEPY THINGS HAPPEN TO ME ALL THE TIME! LIKE FOR IN-STANCE, I ONCE STOOD IN A COLD FILTHY HOUSE BE- HIND THE SHAGGY HORSE ON A FLOOR STUCK WITH CIGARETTES, BOTTLES AND PUKE, AND ALL AROUND ME WERE CADAV-EROUS YOUTHS OF PALE, GREENISH COINTEANCE WITH BOWED HEADS AND NERVELESS HANDS TREMB-LING TO HOLD CIGA-RETTES AND THE SMOKE OF THEIR CIGARETTES BORE THEIR SLACK EMPTY THROATS UP TO A GRIM-CEILING THE CHANT CAME ENDLESSLY FROM BLOOD-LESS LIPS, ALWAYS THE SAME AGAIN AND AGAIN. "OH BORING, THIS IS SO BORING AND TIRED, TIR-ING, FULL OF TIRED AND

BOREDOM, OF BEING BORED BY NOTHING, YET DOING NOTHING IN ORDER TO DO MORE NOTHING OUT OF BEING SO TIRED BY DO-ING NOTHING." I PULLED MYSELF THROUGH THE STAINED FURNITURE TO A WINDOW AND LOOKED AT THE BRIGIT STREETS WHERE PEOPLE STILL MOVED AND SHOWED INI-TIATIVE. "WHY, THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH YOU! THAT A FEW INTEL-LECTUAL PURSUITS, A BIT OF SELFLESSNESS, AND QUITE A LOT OF HONEST WORK WOULDN'T SOLVE." I THOUGHT ALOUD BUT WHEN I TURNED TO SEE THE IMPACT OF MY WORDS, READY FOR A QUARREL OR TEARS, I COULD SEE QUITE PLAINLY THAT THEY'D ALL GONE TO DRINK AT THE LOBBY EN-DOOR. "WHY, YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A PACK OF CARDS." I SAID TO THEIR VANISHING SKINNY BACKS, BUT THAT WASN'T MY DREAM, AND MY DREAM WASN'T A DREAM, SO WAS THIS ONE OR NOT? I CAME OUT OF MY REVERIE IN TIME TO NOTICE MY GHASTLY VISITOR WAS IN ONE TOO, TURNED AWAY FROM MY GAZE AND PON-DERING HIS SINKING COFFIN AND WONDERING COULD HE EASILY GET ONE WHOLESALY IN A TINY SEA-SIDE VILLAGE SUCH AS OURS, AND ALSO, WHY WAS IT SO DIFFICULT THESE DAYS TO REPAIR A RUINED CASTLE THAT DIDN'T ALREADY HAVE A TEA-SHOP ON THE GROUND FLOOR? I SUPPOSE WE ARE ALL TORTURED IN OUR OWN WAY BY LIES INCON-SISTENCIES AND MOCK-RIES. I NOTICED THAT HIS CLOTHES HAD BEEN SWAPPED BY SOME HUMOURIST. HE HAD A BLACK CAPE ALL RIGHT, AND THE HIGH POINTED BLACK COLLAR DID HIDE HIS FACE IN ITS SHAD-OW AS IT SHOULD, HOWEVER, THE FABRIC WAS SPARKLY AND STRETCHY AND EM-BROIDERED ACROSS HIS CHEST WITH THE POINTED QUINNED WORDS "THE KING." I SIGHED AND PUT AWAY MY CLEAVAGE, SUCH AS IT WAS, AND SPARED A KIND THOUGHT FOR THIS NICOLE HE WAS IN SEARCH OF. I HOPE THAT SHE WOULDN'T LAUGH AT HIM TOO OBVIOUSLY, OR MAYBE THERE'D BE NO MOONLIGHT WHEN HE AP-PEARED BEFORE HER... IT'S HARD TO SAY, IT'S VERY HARD TO SAY. SEYMOUR ENNDYE

CHIPMUNKS + SQUIRRELS in "WE NOT GATHERING"

©1993 AUSTIN KERR

CITY HALL - WHERE THE MAYOR HOLDS A MAJOR PRESS CONFERENCE...

...AND ON BEHALF OF THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES, I DECLARE THIS DAY "GURGIS DAY!"

A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER...

OK, I THINK YOU CAN LET GO OF MY HAND NOW, SON.

MEANWHILE, THE CRUMBLING CHIPMUNKS & SQUIRRELS EMPIRE SCRAMBLES TO REPLACE GURGIS. AN AUDITION IS HELD...

OK, LET'S KEEP IT MOVING!

WHO DO WE HAVE NEXT?

YO! I'M JAUNDY, THE NEW YORK CITY SNOWMAN!

HIT I'M Theodore, the lovable pay genius! Quiz the many subject.

THE OPEN CALL ENDS.

THEY ALL LACK THAT CERTAIN JE NE SAIS QUIL!

EAT MY YELLOW SNOW!

GURGIS JOE

IT'S NO USE! I'LL NEVER FIND ANOTHER GURGIS!

YOU'RE HIRED!

SUDDENLY A RAY OF SUNSHINE BURSTS THROUGH...

PUNY INSECTS! I AM ONAN, MAN FROM SATURN! WHAT PLANET IS THIS?

A Small Ray of Light

by Sara & Julian

Suddenly and with great force my body was elevated and slammed violently against the wall as if by some invisible force as if in a cheap horror movie.



What does this have to do with anything?
A week after this happened, my life began in earnest.



And then the bloody thing was gone.



I went to luncheon at my favorite restaurant



Of course, I dismissed the episode as a lucid nightmare... But on the other hand, I have always prided myself on having an open mind.



There was a new waitress working. She was ravishing. I grew aroused, and at my age too!



But one must maintain some level of decorum.



She seemed ambiguous about her past.



She seemed to me to be one of "those types" so I invited her for a drink the following evening and she accepted.



Otherwise we got along splendidly.



Even though she was 19 years old she displayed exquisite taste in food and wine



-- and it wasn't but a few drinks later and we were back at her place.



to be continued...

Video Philter



BY TANIA BOLSKEYA

Devoing some of my space to public service this month, I've prepared a little quiz for you diligent cinephile readers out there. Answer each question Yes or No.

1. Do you ever go to movies alone?
2. Do you ever watch a movie before 11:30 am?
3. Have you ever watched more than four films in one day?
4. Have you ever watched a film in fast forward just to say you've seen it?
5. Have you ever missed a day of work to see a movie?
6. Do you need to watch a movie to have a good time?

If you answered Yes to one or more of these questions, you could be addicted to film. Search deep

within yourself. Has your need to escape the harsh reality of life in 20th century Earth in the delicious fantasy world of cinema superseded your grasp on the here and now? If, as you read this, you are nodding your head in agreement, you will have to face the facts. You're hooked.

Your options are limited. You can seek help, but why bother? Help is usually costly or involves being in a god, both of which are much worse than spending your days with a horde of good flicks. My advice is to call 685-8352 to get the low-down on this year's Vancouver International Film Festival and gorge, GORGE, GORGE!

From September 30th to October 16th, 375 presentations of 250 movies from 40 countries will be projected onto the screens of Vancouver's finest theatres for your information and delectation. As usual, the emphasis is on independent, smaller budgeted films and, also as usual, there is something for everyone.

You have an avid interest in life in the Palestinian refugee camps? No problem. Gay porn is your cup of tea? Got it. Jean-Luc Godard sets your thoughts aflame? The festival's got a double shot!

Many of the series feature a previous festival's return to the scene. *Faillures: Nonfiction Films of 1993* is "an expanded program of documentary films exploring political, ethical or biographical themes" and continues the VIFF's commitment to providing a forum for the world's great documentarians, young and old. The selection this year covers topics as diverse as gays in the American military (*Coming Out Under Fire*, Dir: Arthur Dong), Tiananmen Square (*Moving the Mountain*, Dir: Michael Apted), Tangiers resident and US expatriot Paul Bowles (*Paul Bowles: The Complete Outsider*, Dir: Catherine Warnow & Regina Weinlich), and self-promoting sarcasm queen Sandra Bernhard (*Confessions of a Pretty Lady*, Dir: Kristine Clark). The stand-out must-see is last year's Academy Award winner for Best Feature Documentary, *I Am a Promise: The Children of Stanton Elementary School*, "Filmmakers Alan and Susan Raymond from the halls and classrooms [of an inner-city school in North Philadelphia]

as 725 African-American pupils attend, with varying degrees of willingness and success, to defy poverty, violence, and drugs in order to receive the most basic education."

The popular late night *Walk on the Wild Side* series is back and this year looks better (read a lower gear quotient) than ever. Says Sandy Gow, series programmer, in the festival program:

"Only one feature comes to us from conventional distribution sources. It means that the chances of ever seeing the majority of these wonderful films in even specialized theatres...do not look good at present. This is not to say that a distributor with a few *cajones* might not come along and change this equation, but these days distributors of that variety are pretty much on the endangered species list."

Midnight on Fridays and Saturdays during the festival's run (with one additional daytime screening of each film) might be your only shot to see such titillating extravaganzas as *Green Snake* (Dir: Tsui Hark), "a classic Hong Kong sword-and-sorcery action-genre period piece," *Dellamorte Dellamore* (Dir: Michael Soavi), a "hip, irreverent" film in the vein of *Return of Living Dead*, *Love and a 45* (Dir: C.W. Taikington), yet another psycho-waste-trash-lovers-on-the-lam flick, and *Toward Within* (Dir: Mark Magidson), the Dead Can Dance performance film. I've got my most jaded, baddest attitude remedy for *Second Cousin*, *Once Removed* (Dir: John Shorrey), which "borrows" influences from '40s hard-boiled melodramas, the French New Wave, and early '60s cop shows. The film is a non-stop run

of droll comedy, genre references, and wonderfully defined characters."

Just as exciting as a midnight stroll through the nether world of off-beat film is the most acclaimed and fastest growing series at the VIFF, *Dragons and Tigers: The Cinemas of East Asia*. Now the "largest and most adventurous program of East Asian cinema outside of East Asia," the series will, for the first time, hand out some cash in the form of a Young Cinema from Pacific Asia prize. Adjudicated by an international panel, the award will go to the "most creative and innovative" or second feature by a new director. The films nominated include Japanese takes on young love both heterosexual (*The Window is Yours*, Dir: Tomoyuki Furumaya) and homosexual (*I Like You, I Like You Very Much*, Dir: Hiroyuki Oki), a "hallucinatory descent into the lower depths of pre-Olympic Seoul (*La Vie en Rose*, Dir: Kim Hong Jue), and "a poignant account of love in the city" (*Wise L'Amour*, Dir: Tsai Ming Liang).

Also making triumphant returns in the 1994 version of the VIFF are the series *Best of Britain*, *Cinema of our Time*, *Canadian Images*, and the conceptually held Trade Forum. In its ninth year of providing discussions with and addresses by some of the leaders of the North American film industry, October 6-8 the forum will be geared towards aiding and abetting the folks of the BC film industry who helped generate a record \$57 million dollars worth of economic excitement last year. The *coup de grace* of the forum's line up of key-note speakers and panelists was confirming enter-

tainment law giant (who may or may not be described as "friendly") Peter Dinkov for a special luncheon. With clients like Tom Hanks, Arnold, Sly, and George Lucas, it is highly likely that Mr. Dekom will know what he's talking about when he begins to speak about his profession.

For those seeking entrance to the hallowed land of filmmaking, Oct. 5th has been designated "New Filmmakers Day" and will feature panels that tackle the difficulties of getting started in show biz. *Resources (Funding Agencies and Organizations, Preparation and Pitching)*, *Developing Your Portfolio*, and *Unions and the No-Budget/Low Budget Filmmaker* are a few of the undoubtedly informative panels planned.

Though the festival has some pricey options for involvement, there are many that will sound sweeter to the impoverished pocketbook owner. A Gold pass, entitling the bearer to all screenings except gals is \$175, but for seniors and students the pass is renamed "Silver" and the price is slashed to \$100. You can catch any matinee screening with a Daytime pass for \$50 and any midnight showing with a *Walk on the Wild Side* series pass for \$25. Advance discount tickets are sold in books of ten for \$60. Regular single performance tickets are \$7 and \$5 for matinees.

Whatever you can shell out for, go wild and turn here next morning for a round up of the biggest thrills and disappointments of this year's festival.

Note: DISORDER and Tania Bolskeya take no responsibility for any additions that may result from the advice given in this column.

The 13th Annual Vancouver International Film Festival presents



My Generation

(Canada, 84 min.) A collection of short comedies about sex, family, miscommunication and extinct mammals. Peter Lynch's Arrowhead features Ray Bud, a bored post-teen from suburbia who takes the audience on a hilariously trivial tour of his environment. Bobi Folliès is Kathy Spereber's multi-media piece that parodies clichéd 1970s ideas of non-verbal communication. Porcaria is Felipe Paul's sexcapade featuring a Portuguese immigrant couple, their gay lodger and an Icelandic telephone repair man. Anthony Couture's Around About Tuesday proves to be a mock-cinema verite comedy about a family feud and a disastrous funeral. **Cinematheque: Oct 12, 7:30 pm and Oct 5, 10:30 am.**

VANCOUVER CENTRE
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Tokyo Cowboy

(British Columbia, 94 min.) No Oyaya is captivated by the west of Hollywood movies; determined to live that dream, he sets out from Tokyo to Canada to become a cowboy. **Ridge: Oct 1, 7:30 pm. Van Cen: Oct 3, 6:45 pm.**

Double Happiness

(British Columbia, 100 min.) Mina Shum's debut feature is a hugely entertaining story of a young aspiring actress waking the line between her traditional Chinese family and the contemporary Western world she grew up in. **Ridge: Sep 30, 7:00 pm. Van Centre: Oct 2, 6:15. Cinematheque: Oct 5, 2:30 pm.**

VANCOUVER
INTERNATIONAL
FILM
FESTIVAL

Darker Side of Black

(Great Britain, 55 min.) A confrontational walk through hip-hop and dance-hall culture by director Isaac Julien (*Young Soul Rebels*). **Van Centre: Oct 7, 7:30 pm. Cinematheque: Oct 8, Noon.**

Johnny 100 Pesos

(Chile/USA/Mexico, 90 min.) Johnny Garcia is a misguided teenager involved in a botched robbery that escalates into a siege. Director Gustavo Graef Marino's stunningly directed black comedy-thriller is based on a real event. **Cinematheque: Oct 1, 2:30 pm. Hollywood: Oct 9, 7:00 pm. World Premiere. Cinematheque: Oct 12, 10:00 pm.**

Across the Moon

(USA, 100 min.) Two women (Elizabeth Peña and Christina Applegate) form an unlikely union and decide to live together after their boyfriends are incarcerated. Dir. Lisa Gottlieb's film features a rousing soundtrack by Exene Cervenka. **Cinematheque: Oct 1, 7:30 pm. Ridge: Oct 8, 6:00 pm.**

Mod Fuck Explosion

(USA, 70 min.) San Francisco filmmaker Jon Montisquero creates what is surely the wildest take yet on the Romeo and Juliet story. **Cinematheque: Oct 7, Midnight. Cinematheque: Oct 8, 6:00 pm.**

Totally F***ed Up

(USA, 79 min.) Gregg Araki (*The Living End*) follows the lives of six racially mixed gay/lesbian teens in Los Angeles. **Van Centre: Oct 10, 7:30 pm. Cinematheque: Oct 12, 6:15 pm.**

B.C. Tel Film
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685-8352 (noon - 9 pm)
Advance Tickets at
Pacific Cinematheque
Cash-Outlet (Noon-7pm)

Charge-Line
685-8297 (noon - 9 pm)
The Vancouver Sun Guide
available at participating
theatres, libraries &
usual outlets.



Toward the Within

(USA, 75 min.) Mark Magidson's astounding concert film based on the Dead Can Dance. A night-time-date tour of the United States and Canada, in support of their last album "Into the Landyrbirth". **Cinematheque: Oct 10, Midnight. Ridge: Oct 10, 9:30 pm.**

Clerks

(USA, 105 min.) The "slacker" generation lives! Director Kevin Smith — a Vancouver film dropout — takes us a day in the life of a Quick Stop Grocery store clerk. **Cinematheque: Oct 4, 9:30 pm. Van Cen: Oct 9, 6:30 pm.**

Fun

(USA, 95 min.) In Rafal Zielinski's film, two adolescent girls murder a nice little old lady out of rage masquerading as a lark. Fun, of course, is not. **Hollywood: Oct 1, 2:00 pm and Oct 14, 9:45 pm.**

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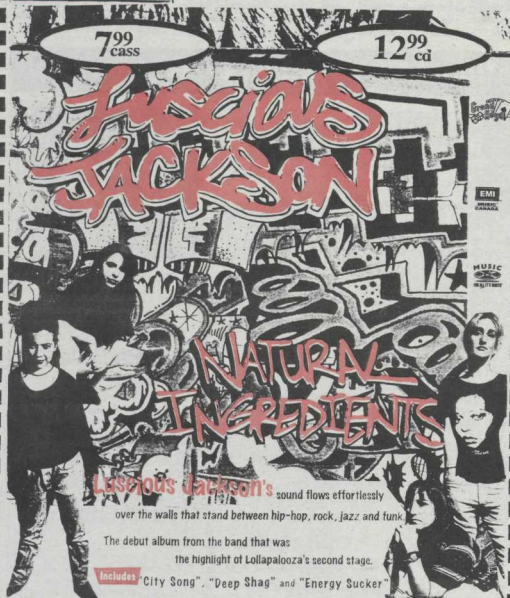
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All right, I'll admit it: To some extent I go to classical music concerts because I enjoy the atmosphere; it's a valid excuse to get a little dressed up for an evening, to fork out some outrageous price for a cafe latte to sip while wandering around the performance hall at intermission without feeling guilty, and to pretend for a moment that I've driven there in my BMW (nobody has to know it was actually an AMC, dripping oil out of every seal) while admiring the art works on the wall or perusing the program for the evening's performance. But by far the most important aspect in the enjoyment of the music: I find something both stimulating and settling in its structured expression of artistic talent, both on the part of the composer and the musician. I want the music to take my thoughts away from anything but itself, to overwhelm me with complexity of interwoven rhythms and melodies at one moment and to entrance with poignant lyrical simplicity the next. Given this, perhaps you will have a vague idea of how I would feel if a work were to suddenly make me start thinking of a long since past first-year physics course.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. Before I go any further, I should explain that I went to the concert put on by the Vancouver New Music Society on September 18th, the second of two concerts they hosted featuring French pianist Anthony de Mare and German composer and cellist Michael Bach. Both of these artists are considered to be first-rate by anyone's standards. De Mare has received numerous awards including a prestigious First Place at France's International Competition of Contemporary Piano Music and both First Prize and the Audience Prize at the Dutch International Gaudeamus Interpreters' Competition. He is a regular performer of modern piano works in both Europe and North America and has made recordings with the BBC as well as the

CBC. Michael Bach is considered to be an expert on modern cello technique, having literally written the book on the topic (well, at least a very influential text titled *Fingerboards and Overtones*) and has recently been active in the development of a new curved bow for the cello which will allow for a greater diversity in playing. His own playing style emphasizes the instruments' harmonics, overtones, and phenomenal sustain and, under the nom de plume of Michael Bach Bachitscha, he has composed a large number of works, many of which are available on CD.

The program for this concert sounded very promising, starting with "De Profundis," based a letter written by Oscar Wilde while in prison for his sexual orientation, "De Profundis" was written in 1991 specifically for de Mare by the American composer Frederic Rzewski to be recorded as accompanying music to a film that is still in production. The letter itself is a tribute to the strength of Wilde's spirit and his desire to transform the "degradation of the body...into a spiritualising of the soul" and, given the lofty nature of this origin, I was expecting an equally lofty performance from the piano. It was, but not in the way I had expected. The work called for de Mare to hum, sigh, groan, sing, and tap on the piano case, as well as play the piano by more traditional means in reading sections from the letter. This sounds a little bizarre, but it worked. It was an impressive performance, and de Mare managed to play, turn pages of music and do the humming, tapping, howling, and knocking of a bicycle horn all at the same time. The most surprising part was that the added sounds (for the most part) did a pretty good job of helping to set the tone of the work. In particular, de Mare's "mute-trumpet" humming effect was very realistic, convincing me for a few moments that it was in fact being

computer-generated from a sampler. If I were to compose a work dealing with the same topic I would choose a more serious approach, but that is the composer's prerogative and I must admit that the work was very entertaining in performance. Unfortunately, I suspect few musicians will be willing to take the time to add this work to their repertoire, so the only chance to hear it may be in the film it was composed for. If you're interested, it is being made by Lawrence Brosse and will be released in 1995. (The program notes don't give the work's title.)

The second work of the program was "ONE13" by John Cage and Michael Bach Bachitscha. It is my understanding that Cage is considered to be one of the giants of modern classical music, studied and emulated by a great many newer composers. Although I had not previously heard any of his works, this reputation was well deserved. In fact, his last work completed only shortly before his death in 1992. The program notes describe the work as "a twenty-five minute meditation on one pitch and its many subtle gradations" but I was undaunted; this, I believed, would be a measure of the composer's art. I expected that the piece would utilize complex rhythmic themes to make a single note musical, but I was wrong.

The work consisted entirely of one note, played on the cello in a limited variety of ways: plainly on one string, as a chord on several strings, with a normal bow or with a curved bow on nearly limp strands. This last effect was especially disagreeable, producing a strong scraping noise with only the faintest hint of the note coming through. On several occasions I thought that I could hear more than one note (presumably overtones in the instrument) and I found myself contemplating not the music but the sort of acoustic waveform that would result from mixing of the primary note with its first harmonic. It was at this point that Physics 121 started rearing its ugly head: let's see, that would be $A \sin(\omega t + d) + B \cos(\omega t + d)$, but d is 0, so it must be something like $A \sin(\omega t) + B \cos(\omega t) + A \sin(2\omega t) + B \cos(2\omega t)$...oh wait, the music still playing? If the purpose of the work was a meditation then I guess it failed on me, but then perhaps the fault is my own. I know Cage is considered to be a musical great, and the audience was impressively quiet, so maybe it was just my own shallowness. Whatever, I didn't really like the piece very much and can't say I would like to hear it again, although it wasn't outright offensive or irritating like some modern works. If I should ever want to relive the experience, I think I could just as well sit in the dark

and contemplate a dripping tap.

After the intermission the program continued with a short work for solo cello written and performed by Michael Bach (Bachitscha). Entitled "C-A-G-E," the work is described as a short homage in memory of John Cage, to be performed in the pitches (you guessed it) C, A, G, and E. A clever idea, I'll admit, but not much to listen to. It was, as near as I could tell, just more of the last work but with a few different notes thrown in for variety. Mercifully, it was a short work and soon over.

Mercifully? Well, I had expected the final work, "Intercomunicazione" by Bernd Alois Zimmermann, to be a reprieve. Written for piano and cello in early 1967, the work was described by its composer as being best considered a combination of two separate solo pieces in which the piano and cello eventually come together to form a single work.

If this was two solo pieces then the piano was really shorted. Most of the work consisted of long drawn-out single tones on the cello with (very) occasional triple forte outbursts of atonality from the piano. As the work progressed I did note that these interruptions became somewhat more frequent, but I never thought that they complemented or accented the cello in a way that I would expect in a single unified work. Also, as the work neared its end the cello part became increasingly discordant and finally lost what little appeal was left by switching to rapid and harsh pizzicato playing. The program notes state that "Zimmermann's music does not travel well." All the better if this was a representative example.

I left the concert in disappointment. Although I liked the first work in a strange way and I can admit that the works by Cage and Bach(tischa) took tal-

ent to perform and perhaps were just over my head, I can't really excuse this final work or even take it seriously. I am afraid that Zimmermann seems to have fallen into the trap of thinking that anything new and strange is artistic. Perhaps the roots of the problem lie even deeper, as the program notes quote him as stating that the piano and cello "are too distinctive to allow for a smoothly operating combination." I beg to differ; I have heard any number of works in which the two do an excellent job of complementing each other. The problem, Herr Zimmermann, is not in the instruments but in the composer.

I would go on, but it seems that I am running out of space for this month and must turn to an overview of what's to be found in October's musical calendar. Since we're on the subject of the Vancouver New Music Society, I should start by mentioning that they will be premiering an opera written by their own music director, Owen Underhill. Called *Star Catalogs*, it is described as the "dream of a dying astronomer", with mysticism, alchemy, heresy, and truth. I have to admit it sounds interesting and I may find myself going to one of the performances which will be on the 21st, 23rd, 26th, 28th, and 29th of the month at the Russian Hall (600 Campbell St.). All performances are at 8:00 and tickets are available at CBO (280-2801).

The VSO starts off this year's Great Composers series with a concert of W.A. Mozart's "Overture to Marriage of Figaro," the "Symphonica Concertante for Winds," the "Divertimento for Strings," and the ever-popular "Symphony No. 40." The concert is at the Orpheum at 8:00 pm on the 1st and 3rd of October and will be preceded by a half-hour talk on the life of Mozart to be held in the Patron's Lounge at 7:00. It will also be presented at 2:00pm

on the 2nd, but without the pre-concert talk.

In the VSO's "Tea and Trumpets" series, CBC host Otto Lowy will assist conductor Clyde Mitchell in leading the symphony in a program about the life and music of Antonin Dvorak. The program will include some of the composer's wonderful Slavonic Dances in a performance at the Orpheum on October the 12th at 2:00 pm. If you're more into the "Pops," Newton Wayland will lead the orchestra in Big Band Memories, featuring music by many of the swing-era greats on the 14th and 15th at 8:00.

Finally, as a celebration of the VSO's 75th year, the Vancouver Bach Choir and guest soloists including Judith Forst, Jon Kimura Parker, Corey Cerovsek, Edith Wiens and Tracy Dahl join the orchestra in a program of operatic and concerto extracts by composers including Elgar, Tchaikovsky, Strauss and Bernstein. Additionally, Canadian composer Jean Coulthart's commissioned "Celebration Fanfare" will be premiered. This evening of assorted musical tidbits will on the 7th at 7:00 pm.

The Friends of Chamber Music Society will open their 47th season with the London Chamber Orchestra in a program of Britten's "Simple Symphony," Elgar's "Serenade," Vivaldi's "Concerto for Two Violins," and Bartok's "Divertimento" on the 18th, at 8:00 in the Playhouse.

Early Music Vancouver's season opener will be on the 29th, featuring the Pacific Baroque Orchestra in a program with works by Bach, Handel, and Avison to be held at 8:00 at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, 189 W. 11th Avenue.

I'm out of space for this time, so until next good good listening!

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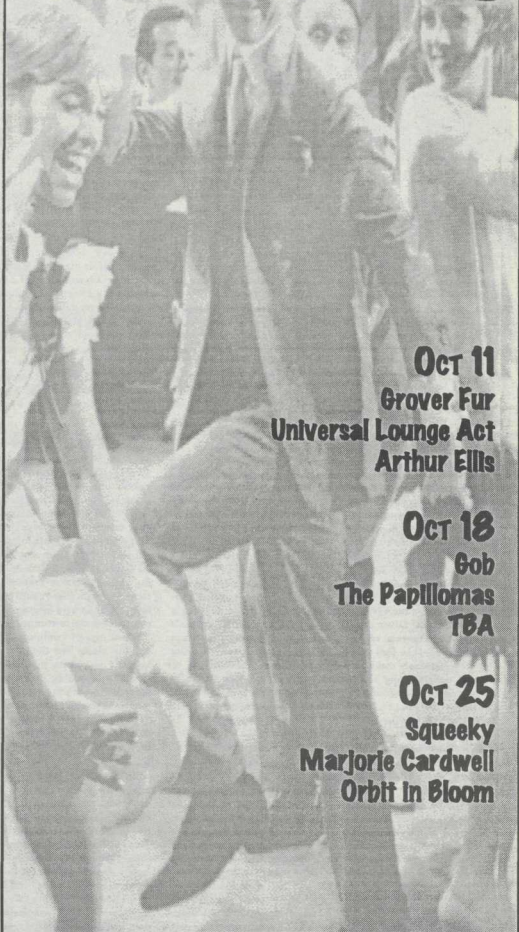
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Spenser and poppier sounding than its predecessor Smeared, Sloan's second full length album, Twice Removed, has brought the band to greater heights of popularity in Canada while at the same time surpassing the quality that they've displayed in previous recordings. Breaking out of Halifax, Nova Scotia couldn't have been easy, but in the two years since Sloan's Geffen debut was released literally dozens of other bands from the Atlantic region have received unprecedented exposure throughout Canada and the rest of the world. I spoke with Patrick Penland of Sloan just before their fantastic show with fellow Halifax band Thrush Hermit at the Howland Ballroom on September 10...

Twice Removed is a lot different than Smeared. What did Geffen think of the sound on this one? There were people who had heard it as it was being made and before it was mixed - I think it was the higher up people that don't even listen to the records, but who try to make the decisions - "We don't know if this is the sound we want," we tried to market you one way and now you're a different way - and you know, we made the record and we knew we were probably going to take a lot of flack for it but we made it anyway because we wanted to. We're still on Geffen as far as I know - that could change - but I don't know. The response has been more positive since the record has been out. They were sort of taken aback but not like "We couldn't put this out - you guys are going to have to do something..."

I thought the new album was very Posties-esque... I guess so... Yeah, the Posties are a good example of a band who made a record and the label didn't like it and told 'em to go do it again. It can happen, but you gotta kinda play the game a little bit, you know? People have to be able to work with you and you have to be able to work with people; I think it's a trade off sometimes, like everything else in life. But we're very comfortable with the record.

How long are you on Geffen for?

Well, it's a six record deal, including *Peppermint* - that was thrown in as maybe something for the future. There's an on/or'ion period coming up and they could very well say "See ya later," but I don't think they will. And if they did, well, we've got Murder.

Sloan are responsible for Halifax' new-found fame for reasons other than their own performing or songwriting abilities: Murdercore is a record label that is owned and operated by the members of Sloan and Colin McKenzie. Starting out with a release of Sloan's first EP Peppermint, the label has since gone on to release CDs,

cassettes and seven inches for bands from the region like Eric's Trip, Thrush Hermit, and Handship Post, to name a few.

How much are you involved in Murdercore?
We're totally involved in the company.

All four equally?

No, it's more Jay than anybody else...and then Chris and then me - Andrew lives in Toronto so he's not really involved that much. We're there working every day when we're at home whether it's just a few hours or all day. The whole point of it isn't to make money these days, it's just to promote some bands in the area so they can tour - like Thrush Hermit are now with us and have something to sell, they've got a publishing deal and look eventually at [being on] a bigger label. Handship Post just signed with SubPop, so it's working as a success in those terms. I think in the future it'd be nice if it could make enough money to at least float itself and help us put out bigger projects, but for now at least we've got a distribution deal with MCA (in Canada) which helps a lot.

Is anything happening with Murder in the States?
We're talking to different people about distribution, if not for everything then for some releases. I don't think it's out of the question for us to do that, [to] start up

distribution within a year, which would help a lot, because it's really difficult to get Thrush Hermit or whatever in those cities. The people at Geffen are helping us out with that too, like calling people [and saying] "Check out Murdercore - this band Sloan are on this label!"

How much control do you let the bands on Murder have?

At first it was going to be complete control for the bands, but then we realized that not all bands have an idea of what they want to do for artwork or what they want to do for the cover or that. Handship Post are pretty self-sufficient - Thrush Hermit as well - but Hip Club Groove didn't know what to do and we sorta had to help them out.

Hip Club Groove are opening for you on part of this tour...

Yeah, in Ontario - Superfriends and Hip Club Groove are going to be meeting up with us in Thunder Bay. They're going to do eleven shows with us.

Hip Club Groove are hip-hop? How do your audiences react to

that?

They've never been outside of Halifax so we'll have to wait and see. I guess the people who see us are a little more open-minded [so] it wouldn't be such a big shock to have a hip-hop band [opening]. Superfriends are a little more power-pop or something stripped down a bit - even that might be a bit weird. But I think it'll be an interesting show - unfortunately not out here.

In the past Halifax bands would go to Montreal or Toronto and then break up - no one ever made it out of Halifax. Did you ever consider leaving?
The fall before things started to happen, Chris and I didn't have girlfriends and Andrew wanted to move to Toronto because his fiancée lives there. We were sort of considering moving to Toronto more just for fun, just for a change of scenery, and then when things started to happen we were away so much anyway we didn't want to go to Toronto, there wasn't a reason for us to leave. Now even if I wanted to move I probably couldn't, not just because of the per-

ception, but [because of] the business end of everything - and our management's there. We got to see so many other big cities anyway...

How's the reception in the States?

It's a bit up and down: it's good up on the eastern states and near the borders, but otherwise we've still got a lot of work to do.

Had you already had some level of success on the eastern seaboard with Halifax being relatively close?

Yeah, we've been there more. I think in the States to make any headway you have to keep going there all the time, and then people will get to know your name because you're always playing.

Do you find that you like bands less because they get popular?

No, I don't tend to do that - I don't know that Chris does either. I think that that can happen though, I think that's something that we always feel: If you're in the public eye more, you're more likely to get picked apart or "Oh they're big time now, I hate them, I like this little band more." That's cool, but I was never into that. If my f a -

vourite band got huge, that'd be great - like when Nirvana got so big I'm sure there were people saying they sold out and that's ridiculous, it's just more people like their music...

People I know in Halifax keep telling me it's so small - they'll see you in the corner or in a bar, and you're just yourselves. Is there any of that stardom in Halifax towards yourselves or other bands?

No, I don't think so. It's hard to tell because the people we hang out with all the time are people in those bands, you know yourselves. Is there any of that stardom in Halifax towards yourselves or other bands?
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In addition to the work being done through Murdercore, the east coast music scene is also gaining attention through SloanNet, an internet discussion group mailing list that was set up by friends of the band in the last year. To subscribe, send the message "SUBSCRIBE" to gen4114@sloan@hushky1.stmarys.

How does it feel to have something like SloanNet named after your band?

It's a bit weird - it's kinda spooky. I actually went on it - I was at Cliff's (Cliff Gibb, drummer of Thrush Hermit and regular contributor to SloanNet) house and we were up 'til like four in the morning drinking beer and I said, "Get me on this thing! I wanna check it out!" because I had never seen it. I ran through it and left all these messages - it was really stupid. But it's interesting... I guess they do discuss Sloan and other bands and I think that's really good for the area.

I think it's helped a lot [with] promotion for the bands, but I think it's more just a forum for people to talk, and they could talk about anything...

There's been comment about changing the name because there wasn't enough talk about Sloan!

I guess it's cool that they named it after us, but it's also weird because there'll be these items Cliff was telling me about... "Chris Murphy was seen in the university bar with somebody..."

You guys were spotted leaving the airport Thursday morning. Oh really? Some of the stuff is so ridiculous to me.

Some of it does get a little trivial... As long as it doesn't get vicious...





by Shazia Islam

Ahhh, I can rest sweetly at night now. The new Lush album, *Split*, is finally out. They're touring. Life is good. A while ago, lead singer Emma gave *DiSCORDER*'s own Shazia Islam a half-hour of her valuable time to discuss the trials and traumas of an aspiring, somewhat famous young artist. Subjects from politics to techno were on Emma's mind that day and she had no trouble getting them out of her head and on to our tape. For your reading ease, we've gone one step further and committed them to paper.

DISCORDER: Why was there such a delay before *Split* came out?

Emma: To us it wasn't such a massive gap because we've been working continuously since the last album. We toured for a whole year in 1992, finishing in December. When we started writing in January, we wrote about sixteen songs, demoed them in June, looked for a producer - which took three months - found Mike Hedges, started working in October, finished in April because we had to record the whole album again with Alan Moulder, and then it was released in June. So it was a long time but there wasn't a big break where we weren't doing anything. I think people think we just took time off working or something.

Spooky did quite well. Was there a lot of hype for *Split*? Well, you know, there were a lot of expectations, but I don't think anyone really knew what to expect. It was like 'How is it going to be received?' I think we did pretty well. It hasn't charted as high as *Spooky*

did, but we still held our ground pretty well. But hype - what do you mean?

A lot of expectations, I guess. Well there was obviously expectation by a lot of people. I hope we fulfilled them.

Who did the arrangements? Well, myself and Mike did all the writing and we arranged everything from the bass to the rhythm guitar [to] the backing vocals to everything. Apart from the strings - we've got strings on four songs on the album and we got outside arrangers to do that - myself and Mike did everything really.

How did you meet up with Mike Hedges?

We sent him a demo in June, actually, and he didn't really reply to us for awhile. We tried other people in between but they couldn't do it or they weren't into it or they just couldn't fit in the time. Then we received 'Oh, what happened to Mike Hedges?' So someone phoned

him up and he said, 'Oh yes, I really liked that tape and I think I could probably do it.' We talked to him and had a long chat with him and it worked out really well because he wanted to do a co-production [and] that suited us fine.

What was it like recording at Abbey Road? I mean, did you feel close to the Beatles at all? Well, we were only at Abbey Road for like a week [and] we weren't in studio two which is the Beatles' studio. We were up in the penthouse, just a small little studio up at the top. It had these really flashy mix-



it was like.

What were some of your major musical influences for this album? I don't think we've been listening to any music that was different to what we normally listened to from before. I mean, I think that this album is very diverse. You've got sort of punky, poppy songs like 'Hypocrite' and 'Blackout' and then you've got obviously the slower songs like 'Never Never' and 'Desire Lines.' To mention bands that have influenced us - anything from Joy Division to Blondie to Wire to Siouxsie and the Banshees to Tim Buckley. It's very diverse. Everyone in the band has quite different tastes in music really.

A lot of songs on *Split* deal with personal issues like unhappiness and depression - can you tell me a bit about that? We've always written about personal experience really - all our songs in the past have been autobiographical. I think people are picking up on the lyrics a lot more now because you can hear them whereas you couldn't really in the past. The theme is quite introspective, but that's not to say that we're depressed people. I just did an interview and the guy was going on about 'Oh your life is such a mess' - it isn't actually. I think it's just a bit of therapy writing songs about problems you've had in the past and just getting them out. But it's not to say that the songs are haunting us.

Your album seems quite lovely and interesting. What are the books there for? There are pictures of like stacks of books.

The photos of the lemons and the books and the sticks are Vorn's work who usually does the sleeves. This guy sent him all these photos and he really liked them. He's got loads of others - like a paperbag, a lampshade - things like that. Very stark images. I think they're quite good. It suits the record quite well 'cause I think the record is quite stark. When we first saw the sleeve, we had cold feet about it actually. It was so different from the things Vorn has done for us. But we like it now.

What inspired you to write "Love Life"?

I sat there thinking what should I write this song about. Well, why not London, because it's obviously very important to me. Especially when you go on tour and you're away from home a lot. I mean, there's so many good things about London and so many bad things and I tried to put that in the song. There's sort of a darkside, but I still love it here. I'll probably never leave. It's

such a great city. A bit dirty though.

Are you guys involved politically at all? Cause England has a very colourful political scene. We never sang about politics as a band. We've done some political things like we gave a track to the anti-poll tax album [and] we did an

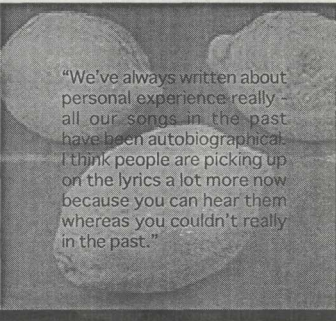
anti-racism thing last year. We've never got that involved with rallies and the like because we've not that political lyrically, you see. There's a lot of bands who sing just about politics, racism and sexism. But obviously it affects your life. I think people, from what I can tell, are more political here than in America - kids, that is. I guess it's just more in your face here.

How did you feel about being lumped in with the 'shoegazer' bands back when it was a pretty popular label?

Well it wasn't particularly pleasant. It was a very negative tag. It was like 'Oh here are all these introspective, middle-class bands and Mummy's given them their guitars and they play this music that's so lightweight and it's got no substance.' That's what it was really, so at the time it was a bit irritating - especially since we started three years before that. But these things pass. No one mentions the word 'shoegazer' anymore over here. They're onto newer things now.

How did it affect your band to be labelled shoegazers? I understand there was a lot of bad press and pressure involved?

I think we did okay because there were some other bands who did get lumped in with that shoegazer scene who got a really bad deal in the press. Namely Chapterhouse and Slowdive. They were not even slagged off but just ignored because of this shoegazer rubbish. But we managed to keep going and keep getting good coverage and people are still interested. I think it also has to do with personality. I think our personalities were quite opposite to the introspective thing. We're actually outgoing and lively people. (laughs)



"We've always written about personal experience really - all our songs in the past have been autobiographical. I think people are picking up on the lyrics a lot more now because you can hear them whereas you couldn't really in the past."

There's been a great rise in techno music in England. What are your thoughts on this scene? I really like some of it. I mean, we've got a remix; we had a few techno remixes done actually. We had one done by the Drum Club - they did a remix of the track called 'Stray' which is on *Spooky*.

Then on the *Hypocrite* EP there's actually people called Spooky who remixed the track 'Underdog' on the album and we used that as an intro tape. A lot of it is really good, very experimental and very sort of new sounding. But then there's a lot of rubbish as well. (laughs) And it's not really dance music anymore. It definitely came out of the dance scene but it's getting into more electronic music.

So what do you think of Slowdive's 5 EP? The techno influence is there. I never heard it. (laughs) Have you ever heard of a band called C-Field?

No. They're a bit like that. Hard techno with guitar and female vocals. I don't know if they've made it over to North America. Maybe one day.

Do you think you benefited from the exposure you got playing Lollapalooza in '92?

Yeah. I mean, we were going on about one o'clock in the afternoon so we weren't playing to a full house - most people wanted to see Pearl Jam or the Chili Peppers. But it obviously got our name out a lot more [and] we sold a lot more records. There were some really nice people - all the bands were very supportive. They weren't like 'Oh well, I'm in Ministry and I'm not interested in little Lush.' It was very equal. We had a good time. And I think in America, people are a lot more supportive and open-minded than they tend to be here.

Really?! Yeah. People here tend to be a lot more snobbish. 'Well you're not trendy so I don't know what to say to you.' It's a bit like that over here.

Where is your sound heading? Is it going to be much the same stuff?

It's hard to say if the songs haven't been written yet. I think we're getting better all the time.

Well, it was great talking to you and I think I speak for all of you fans when I say that we hope to see you here one day soon. One day. We'll try.



itch

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"I scratched so much I left a bloody mess in my tape deck - it felt too good to stop." *Snipehunt*

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"Imagine Amadeus meets Jerry Lee Lewis meets David Foster's worst nightmare." *Monday Magazine*

"At times it's almost as if Richard Clayderman had joined Fugazi. But somehow it works." *Melody Maker*

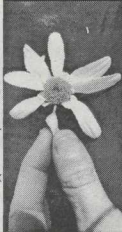
"They have a real cool sound that keeps getting interrupted by an annoying piano!" *Concrete Powder*

"...the drummer singing in this high voice & a guy pounding on a keyboard...I was driven to dub them the Supertramp of punk rock." *Flipside*

"To top it all off the album sleeve's full of really bad art work. The only reasons for Nettwerk deciding to sign these guys is for a tax write-off..." *Industrial Strength*

"Itch irritate with lyrics as intense as their music" *Vox UK*

"I still don't think I've grasped even a part of what's in this release, but I keep going back for more, entering this strange, sometimes shocking world nearly alone, accompanied only by a dictionary, a bible of cultural references, and the emergency pager number of a competent therapist." *Georgia Straight*



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13 **DISORDER**

GRRLPALOOZA



A slinky thing happened to me on the way to the New York Theatre to see Grirlpalooza, the September 10th show featuring music by Fracas, Yvette, Ten Days Late, Sook-Yin Lee, Tickle Trunk and Bif Naked, plus spoken word by Trish Kelly and art work by Jamie Griffiths, Lisa Hill and Suzanne MacRury.

While I was waiting for my bus a guy walked across the street, asked me how I was doing, and then retreated to his side of the street where his car and his girlfriend/lover/wife were waiting for him. They immediately ducked into the car to sit, could yell at him for awhile, and then, apparently appeared, the two of them started to fool around. In the middle of their 'getting it on', Mr. Wrong turned around and winked at me. She caught the glance, snatched him, and they swiftly switched back to fight mode again. Within two minutes they were back in necking mode, this time taking turns watching me. Then my bus pulled up. They cranked up their seats and drove away, leaving me wondering how I had somehow been both the stimulus for and spectator of that little sex show. (I would rate the experience a 7 on the Slime Factor Scale where 1 is bone dry and 10 is oozing).

Needless to say, I was pretty anxious to escape into the safe confines of the chick-friendly Grirlpalooza space that night when I finally arrived at the New York Theatre. I'd already had enough crap for one evening and it was only 8 o'clock.

The organizers of Grirlpalooza, Meegan and Cheryl of Tickle Trunk, had few people to turn to for advice on putting together a showcase of women musicians in Vancouver. Very few events of this kind take place anywhere — one of the only ones that immediately comes to my mind is the Michigan Women's Music Festival — so I was interested to know what Meegan and Cheryl thought of Music West's Stonewall was a Riot, which was a sort of Queerpalooza.

"They were trying to get gay or gay-positive artists from different

genres together," said Meegan. "They had a few folks kinds of people and us — whatever we are — and Pansy Division and Fifth Column. So, yeah, I guess that was the idea. It was sort of a first for the Music West Conference to have something that was unified under one flag instead of being just a bunch of bands thrown together."

"It was run well, but initially we had a lot of reservations about being part of it because we didn't really want to be pigeon-holed. We'd never presented ourselves in the scene as being a dyke band. We don't really write about that. To us it's a separate issue from our music. As a lyric writer I look at us a strong women's band. I think we're more about women's issues than gay issues. So we had a lot of reservations. But Fifth Column was on the bill and they're a band that we respect. They've been around for a long time. They're feminist. They're pretty strong about what they're doing. That made it seem like we had allegiance."

Unlike Stonewall was a Riot, which was a specifically queer event, Grirlpalooza didn't demand of its performers the same investment in exposing their identities — it was quite obvious that almost everyone on stage was a girl.

"Exactly," said Meegan. "We're not coming out as girls."

As a newcomer to Vancouver I've been totally impressed by the strength of the local music scene, especially by the number of women involved. But I've been equally disappointed by how apolitical the scene is. Vancouver band members may use their songs and their music to present their views on countless issues from date rape to apartheid, but it's rare that you see a whole group of bands playing together to support a cause. In the face of this kind of apathy, I was really excited when I heard about Grirlpalooza because I knew the organizers were the same women who had put together the Rock for Choice cassette compilation and show as a fund-raiser for a local women's health centre last spring. I asked Meegan how that show went.

"I thought it was a big success. There were a lot more people than I'd thought they'd be. Definitely the support came from the younger scene — the riot girls — which is very cool. I totally re-

spect those women, but there was a huge lack of an older audience. I guess maybe you have to appeal to them some other way."

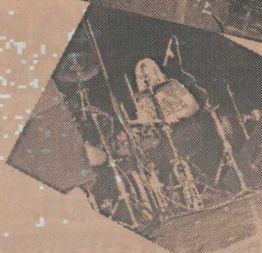
I pointed out that all of the bands who played at the Rock for Choice show were pretty much entrenched in the punk scene, which is mostly supported by a younger crowd these days. Grirlpalooza, on the other hand, featured a much more diverse group of performers.

"I think so," agreed Meegan. "That was definitely a consideration when we were deciding who was going to headline. Bif Naked comes from a completely different scene. She has her own following that has nothing to do with the other bands."

Granted I'm new to the Vancouver scene, but Rock for Choice was the first time I'd encountered a project here that integrated politics and music. I was recently in Ottawa where events such as Rock Against Racism happen all the time and I wanted to know whether or not there was any sort of history between politics and music in Vancouver. Meegan isn't a real old-timer in the scene either, but she agreed that there didn't seem to be an abundance of politics meshing with music in the city. The one politically active community she did identify was the punk scene, who, she said, put on the Food Not Bombs show and incorporate a political edge in their music.

Getting back to the topic of the Rock for Choice show, I asked Meegan about the success of that show in terms of raising money. Along with bands — all of which played for free — the show featured speakers from the BC Coalition for Abortion Clinics and the actual women's health centre that funds were being raised for and raised two thousand dollars. Five hundred of those dollars went to Rock for Choice in the States, a condition that was not entirely agreed upon when the project was first undertaken.

"There was a miscommunication," explained Meegan. "I contacted Rock for Choice in L.A. and started the project in conjunction with them — they helped me along the way with ideas and sent me information. I don't think anyone had ever done a Rock for Choice show in Canada simply for the reason that we don't have the same problems here. In order to use their monicker and tag the event under Rock for Choice and sell their merchandise most of the money was actually supposed to go to them, and I didn't under-



By Krista James

stand that initially. But at some point it became clear to them that I had already contacted a local clinic and had promised to give the money to them. So the people in L.A. were flexible; I felt that it was fair to give them a quarter of the money. But the money from the tapes is all staying local and I'm making batch upon batch of that tape - they're being selling all across Canada."

Despite the success of the Rock for Choice Meegan decided against making Grrlpalooza a fund-raiser. She felt that if it was to have a political edge it would be better to have information booths. As well, she wanted to be able to pay the bands playing the show.

"I'm in a band and I know it's brutal. You can do benefit upon benefit, and it's great to be apart of stuff like that, but at some point you've got to buy guitar strings."

As a showcase of women talent, Grrlpalooza was by definition politically charged: it targeted a particular subset of the population and gave them a forum. And in borrowing from riot grrl feminism the visual appearance of its title, the event claimed all the connotations that go along with the 'grrl' spelling: girl opinions, girl emotions, and more importantly, girl power and girl control. Grrlpalooza was organized and operated by women in order to let women speak. The growl implicit in the word grrl is not a coincidence. It means that Grrl zones are those where we can turn the tables around and be in control. If you're astute enough to notice that growls usually imply aggression then you're probably also observant enough to notice that women have a lot of reasons to be angry.

Riot grrl 'zines and music are important ways for young women to communicate and affirm each other. But just as riot grrl 'zines are meant to be read by guys as well as girls so that guys can glean some insight into the girlworld, Grrlpalooza was pretty much out there for the entertainment of anyone willing to listen and learn.

Over two hundred and fifty people showed up (including a reporter and photographer for European Elle). It was probably the most diverse crowd I've ever seen at a gig in Vancouver. With a ratio of three females to every one male, there were representatives of many different age groups and races. The variety of the performers was probably a major reason for the variety of the crowd.

Fraser, a three piece from Victoria, started out the show. They were awesomely fast and frantic, if almost incomprehensi-

ble in the vocals department. But their best stuff was purely instrumental, the most memorable piece beginning with the wail: "Mom, sometimes I just don't feel fresh!" I felt very at home right away.

I don't think very many people had heard of Yvette before she took the stage that night with her acoustic guitar. Once she started to play, however, she completely mesmerized the audience. It was like an diffranco had given a surprise performance. Yvette sang so loudly and beautifully that it almost hurt to listen to her. The thought she revealed made me feel that I'd walked in on a conversation I wasn't supposed to hear. Someone sitting on the floor nearby summed up my feelings with the declaration, "Who is this women. She's fucking amazing!"

Trish, the spoken word artist for the night, was somewhat shy and quiet at first, so much so that I felt sympathetic nervousness for this small person who was unable to hide behind the safety of a either band or an instrument. But as her performance progressed she seemed to grow bigger and stronger until her whisper seemed yelling. Twenty teen-aged girls mobbed her as she walked off the stage, depleting her 'zine reserve completely.

At this point in the show I was thinking that while I was having a super time and appreciating the respect people were showing the performers by sitting quietly on the floor, I began to wish the audience would get off their butts and party. I was pretty happy when Ten Days Late hit the stage and rocked everyone off their feet and into the mosh pit. (Yvette was, by the way, the most dangerous woman in the pit.) They played a great high energy set that was punctuated by frequent on-stage collisions of the guitarists and their vampire-like lead singer.

Tickle Trunk played the best set I'd ever seen them play, complete with Meegan's incredible David Lee Roth-like acrobatics and frequent clutches of a nonexistent cuck. Their enthusiasm both won over and exhausted the audience.

After that the crowd stayed at the stage. Sook-Yun, who claimed that Ten Days Late was her new favourite band, entertained the audience with vibrator stories. (I think she collects them.) She ended her set with a piece she called "Vocal Improv With Vibrator" whereupon she brought a turn of the century vibrator on stage, turned it on beside the mic and then mumbled, hummed and moaned alongside her set toy.

When Bif Naked finally got on stage by herself, decked out in a flowery Beverly Hills 90210 dress, 1980's Nike runners and

lots of tattoos, the crowd was pretty happy to just sit down and watch her. Her first few pieces were spoken word and she delivered them hypnotically on knobby knees while taking frequent drags of a cigarette that she looked almost too young to smoke. Then her band came on stage and she warbled tunes in a whiskey-and-cigarette abused voice, played a bit of air guitar, and got every one up and dancing again.

There were moments that I lapsed into the feeling that Grrlpalooza was just another run-of-the-mill rock show with decent bands, but little things happened all night to remind me that this gig was especially cool: I caught a glimpse of two women necking between sets; I discovered a pre-choice banner on a wall; a woman dedicated a song to her wife; slides of the work of local women artists accompanied the musical performances. It was the little details that made Grrlpalooza special.

Recurring themes in the songs and stories included abusive fathers, voyeurism, rape and sisterhood. If you are accustomed to having your experience reflected in lyrics at local gigs, then this might not strike you as a big deal. But then you're probably also a boy, you're most likely white, and you're almost certainly straight. Grrlpalooza was a direct response to the saturation of the music industry with straight white male voices.

People often cry reverse sexism in response to women-focused events. But if anyone wants to give Meegan a hard time, she's prepared.

"I'm sure there's mumbblings and grumblings: why aren't there guy bands? But there's millions of guy bands that play all the fuckin' time. And there were men playing: Bif Naked has guys in her band and Fracas has a male drummer. It's not like you had to be an all women's band. It's about women's energy."

According to Yvette, "a women's thing is always kind of special because there is always a really interesting energy when you get a whole bunch of women in one room. I never knew any of these performers. But tonight I felt that women will take over the world."

You can buy a copy of the Rock for Choice cassette compilation in Vancouver for \$7 at Zulu, Sam's or Scratch records. For further information on Rock for Choice contact Meegan Maultsbaud at 2475 West 14th ave., Vancouver, BC, V6R 2W4.

Photos by Tanya Nemchin



A personal souvenir was Yvette's harassment defense.

"My theory is: when you're walking down the street and you're feeling threatened, act crazy. Start talking to yourself. Yell. Walk with a weird limp. I always say things like, my mother's made from cheese! There are elephants in the helicopter!"



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Good Horse's Justice, Mark, and Max stop by once a week to mop the floor and scrub the toilet. Hey guys...thanks!

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This is a happy story with a Canadian ending: Once upon a time, in the quiet berg called Hamilton - a town more well known for football and donuts than for music (though it's home to such Canadian musical legends Teenage Head, the Spoons ("Romantic Traffic"), and the Forgotten Rebels ("Surfin' on Heroin") - a poppy little band began. The band became known as Tristan Psionic and consisted of Sandy McLatosh and Mark Milne on guitars and vocals, Ross 'Tim' McLochness on drums and Wool on bass. Mark explains how they got their unusual monicker:

"Originally [the name] came from our bass player's dog, Tristan. We found some pictures in some guitar magazine of some heavy metal guy going by the name of Tristan, so we thought w e

- a comic onion with a big, fat, orb-biting satellite ring. In line with their off-beat 'Canadian' sense of humour, the two Unyonheads also created a mascot named Mr. Stinky. An onion himself, Mr. Stinky appears on all Sonic Unyon products sporting superb sneakers and a cartoon-balloon salutation: "smell ya later!" And, as a Sonic Unyon press release points out, the choice of a stinking vegetable as a mascot is in keeping with the all-Canadian aspect of the project: "French onion soup is made with onions and we all know Canada is part French."

As is the case in any local independent music scene, rising bands depend on promotion primarily through live gigs in the early stages of their careers. With this in mind,

says Mark.

As the Sonic Unyon family grew larger, so did the company's band roster. Each newly signed band released a cassette for the label and the final products feature top-notch sound, packaging and production. This attention to quality is now a trademark for Sonic Unyon products. "Too many people in this business are totally unprofessional," laments Sandy in *Eye Weekly*.

Not ones to alienate the CD-only crowd, the Unyonheads recently released a compilation of Sonic Unyon bands that featured tracks not available on cassette. *Not If I Smell You First* features twelve stellar bands, including the likes of Toronto's hifed and By Divine Right, Eric's Trip, Otis Haynes (with two members of Sloan), a solo effort by Chris of Eric's Trip, and the Sonic Unyon players, Gleet (now Sian), Gorp, Show,

heaver, cats onions to stay warm during the winter months?)

Used by the fellas as a way to gauge the label's success, the newsletter has become very popular. "[The newsletter] was originally monthly, but then our mailing list got past the 500 mark so we had to make it bi-monthly, now it's tri-monthly because 43 cents times 550 people starts to add up and since we've been on tour we've collected so many more names - it's gonna be pretty expensive to keep up with it," Mark commiserates.

How do the two entrepreneurs find time for the label they originally treated as a side project, especially in the wake of such an overwhelming positive response for Sonic Unyon projects? According to Mark, the label eats up more of their energy than Tristan Psionic un-

dertakings: "It's not like we want to [direct our energy] one way or the other, but it's probably about 60-40 [in favour of] the label. It's starting to consume a lot of our time."

Even while facing a host of seemingly never ending commitments to the Hamilton scene, the members of Tristan Psionic recently released their own full-length CD, *Faves: the Sounds of Tristan Psionic*. The 'donut rockers' also recently completed a nation wide tour with Moncton's Sub Pop signees Eric's Trip. Their stop in Vancouver included an incredible all-ages show at the Anza Club with Pluto and Weezer.

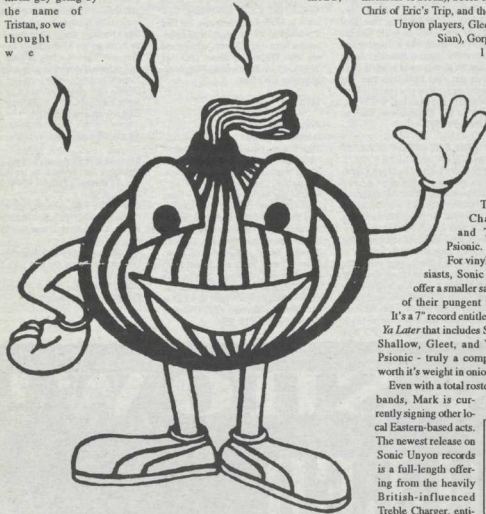
Life on the road has been good to the group. "It's fantastic - this has been the best tour," enthuses Psionic drummer Tim. "[Eric's Trip] are ex-

cellent to play with - they're virtually always in good moods."

Tristan Psionic's typical set consists of a noisy mesh of guitar-soaked melodies amidst a solid backup delivery from the rhythm section. Their Vancouver show impressed me, most notably for the fact that Tristan Psionic possess a finely-tuned stage presence most young bands lack. Mark and Sandy are believable on guitar and vocals; Wool is lovable with his exuberant stage antics, and Tim supplies a freshly creative rhythm on drums. Together as Tristan Psionic, the Hamilton foursome embrace an innovative style of contemporary college-pop that is in no way diffused by a transfer from live action to CD replay.

Do the accomplishments of these two youthful indie-music biz whizzes seem impressive? They should. Sonic Unyon records have accumulated a small family of recording artists, a nationwide fan base, and a successful independent Canadian record company in under a year. The smells of Sonic Unyon records are permeating the country.

When asked about the label's shiny professional image among music lovers, college radio programmers and local musicians, given their glowing reputation for good production, full colour covers and top quality t-shirts, Mark seems mildly astonished. Contemplating the possibility that fans might appreciate the duo's efforts and Sonic Unyon's positive effect on the Hamiltonian (and Canadian!) music scene, he pauses a moment, composes himself, and nonchalantly replies, "I guess so. Everyone seems to think we're organized. I think they're misled, but whatever they want to think."



had to add another name.

We put all these pieces of paper in a hat and picked out Psionic. It means psionic powers, and we thought the dog might have some kind of mental telepathic powers we don't know about. Kind of a silly name."

The foursome played, and played hard. Soon all the kids on the block were talking about the hot new band and things were looking up. But - what next? How would the world find out about these talented young men? With their feet firmly planted in Hamilton soil, the band resisted the temptation to sell their souls to any of the countless hungry American interests and instead decided to do it themselves. Mark and Sandy started their OWN record company.

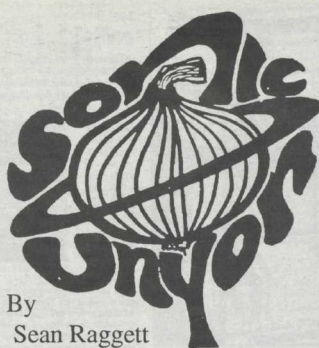
One of the duo's first moves was to establish an original name accompanied by a fresh logo that local concert goers and record buyers would recognize. This was born Sonic Unyon Records and their logo

and with their name, logo, and fun mascot in place, the Unyonheads started to promote their company through sponsorship of local Hamilton-area gigs. Conscientiously deciding to support an all-ages scene, Sonic Unyon presentations soon generated their own following and the label's notoriety quickly spread. "We didn't want to start a scene, but we've made one," Mark apologetically was quoted in the *Ontario*. "We didn't mean to."

Scene or no scene, the word of mouth generated by live gigs will only take a band so far; eventually some form of recording network is needed to distribute their sound to a successively broader range of listeners. Sonic Unyon began their own homegrown distribution network recording local musicians under the Unyon label: "Sandy and I started putting out cassettes - one of Tristan Psionic and another by a band called Sponge, who are on both [Sonic Unyon] compilations,"

blends elements of My Bloody Valentine with the sounds of another Canadian great, Neil Young.

Another exciting quirk of Sonic Unyon records is their monthly newsletter *The Stink: the Official Sonic Unyon Records News Source*. Used as a medium through which to contact media and fans across the country, the 'zine includes inside info about the company, upcoming events and releases, recipes (like perogies and sonic unyons!), and fun facts about Hamilton and Canada. (For example, did you know that Hamilton is the self-proclaimed 'donut capital' of the world, with over 49 Tim Horton's outlets? Or that Canada's mascot, the

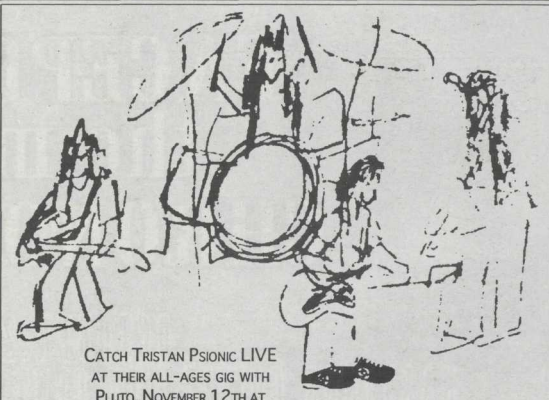


By
Sean Raggett

nd7
(now
Treble
Charger),
and Tristan
Psionic.

For vinyl enthusiasts, Sonic Unyon offer a smaller sampling of their pungent talents. It's a 7" record entitled *Smell Ya Later* that includes Sponge, Shallow, Gleet, and Tristan Psionic - truly a compilation worth it's weight in onion rings.

Even with a total roster of six bands, Mark is currently signing other local Eastern-based acts. The newest release on Sonic Unyon records is a full-length offering from the heavily British-influenced Treble Charger, entitled *nc17*. This album



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If anyone didn't notice my absence from this column last month, it was probably because Trish Kelly did such a wonderful job of replacing me. I would like to take some time out and say, "Thanks Trish, you rule!" because good last-minute replacements are hard to find and count on. As it turns out, it looks like it might be a permanent one. You see, I've been too busy with Sparkmarker, Final Notice Records, disco dancing, Gest Quest Co-op, Anti-centre, eating, writing this column, having fun, sleeping, working 9-5 and hanging with my baby brother and sister to do anything half-assed. So I've reassessed my interests and sadly Van. Spec. won't be a part of my future. The fall of the Anti-centre (it closed in August, not that anyone noticed) and the lack of organization needed for the Gest Quest Co-op are blessings in disguise for me. I'm going to concentrate on the

band and the label, hopefully giving myself more time to do the necessary things (like eating and sleeping) and maybe even find time to hang-out, socialize, or just go crazy. If only I could find a way to get rid of the 9-5 and still be financially secure, then maybe I could find the time to return my phone-calls. Hmmm...doubt it.

Saying good-bye now seems easy but I know next month I'll be missing all the great and not-so-great faeries and music that I've been receiving for the past year-and-three-quarters-to-be-exact. Funny thing is, some people still think Tom Milne has been writing this column, which has been fine with me 'cause he got all the hate-mail for giving bad reviews. But enough babble, there are reviews to be written and people to piss-off. The job must be done and let me tell you, it's been a great job. How's that for a last minute brown-

nose? Thought so.

FANZINES

HANDS OFF! #1 (7 X 10 - 44pgs 54 (CAN\$) ppd)

This is cool. A compilation of artists donating their talent to benefit Washington Citizens For Fairness/Hands Off Washington, a group set up to combat anti-gay initiatives proposed by right-wing groups in that state. The constant is very witty and brings home many important issues dealing with homophobia. As one artist suggested, you could help educate the public by buying 10 copies of this comic and sending them to your family and friends. Of course, it will offend any of the religiously upright people you know - like the lady on Skytrain who was reading it over my shoulder and suddenly got up and stood five feet away from me. I think I'll buy 10 more, it works great. (501 N. 36th St., Suite #350, Seattle, WA 98103)



NOT JUST ANOTHER COOKBOOK #1 (continued on a bag) (8 1/2 X 11 - 56pgs 7\$ppd)

'Zines like this make writing this column worth it, honestly. Beautiful original layouts with tons of interviews, reviews and writing. I had a fun time just looking at the pictures, a lot of which seem to have been taken by Shawn Sealeen. A lot of coverage on the local scene in Ottawa and a really neat personals section which has photos of perspective pen-pals. Cool. Interviews with Lockjaw, Sloan, Black Eyed Peas, King Cob Steele, Silly, and Reed Kross. (917 Beaulieu Dr., Orleans, Ontario K1C 2J5)

...SOMETIMES I'M A PRETTY GIRL #1 (5 1/2 X 8 1/2 - 20pgs \$1 ppd)

A local 'zine by a very pretty girl. Sometimes these personal 'zines are so honest that you can't help but take a long look at yourself and question everything. You know, I think everyone could benefit from doing a personal 'zine, it helps get all that shit you've always wanted to say but couldn't off your chest. And if you pick it up, start reading it and then say you can't be bothered to read it anymore, well...I think you might need to read it the most. The revolution starts from the inside, with you. (PO Box 1457 - Station 'A', Vancouver, BC V6C 2P7)

Random Thoughts #9 (5 1/2 X 8 1/2 - 12pgs free but send \$1 postage)

So how's Trish going to be able to constructively criticize her own 'zine? Well, I guess we'll wait and see. For now I can tell you that Trish is a very busy girl. A lot of her spoken word performances slip into or from this 'zine, so if you like one you'll probably like the other. Very much like a diary, but to criticize (it's my last chance) I would say that the layouts could improve - type writers just can't hold their own. I'm sure that by the time you read this issue #10 (and it's gonna be big) will be out. (Box 33 - 345 E. Broadway, Vancouver, BC V5T 1W3)

YOU RIDE A HORSE RATHER LESS WELL THAN ANOTHER HORSE WOULD #1 (7 X 11 - 24pgs 52ppd)

A 'zine spawned from a radio show of the same name on another local college radio station. (Duh, I wonder which one?) Beyond the silly name are pages of silly, silly... stuff. Not only witty reviews of records, 'zines and shows, but reviews of cartoons, the local news, Vancouver, and movies seen or unseen. Good humour always brings a smile to my day and I found lots within these pages. As far as layout goes they could use some improvement, but the content is original and they promise to get better with future issues. (PO Box

44090 - 6518 East Hastings St., Burnaby, BC V5H 4Y2)

SLOT 'Em '94 (8 1/2 X 11 - 20pgs 25 ppd)

Sometimes I have this odd desire to visit Winipeg, but luckily I come to my senses before I buy a bus ticket. I don't know where these desires were spawned from but I know Slot had something to do with it. A delightfully fresh approach to spicing feminism and music in a printed format. Interviews with Vancouver's own cub, Mary Fleener, and King Cob Steele. Layout and a Macintosh computer, but hey, it works and it's the graphics and photos that lives it up. Ummmm... buy it and see what I'm writing about. (PO Box 26143 - 116 Sherbrook, Winipeg, Manitoba R3G 1E4)



MUSIC

Fraser Valley Champions (compilation CD)

This is a very well packaged and recorded compilation featuring 10 Fraser Valley bands (that's right, Clearbrook, Abbotsford, Langley, Port Coquitlam - beyond the 'burbs) that actually catch your attention. Compilations usually suck and I avoid them unless a favourite band I like is on it, but after just one listen I was saying, "Hey, this is good." Favorite bands included Red Deer, Howard Verses Willy and Diesel Division. This was put out by the Veritable Shrine Musical Co-op, who must be doing something right 'cause this CD is rad. (Veritable Shrine - 6122 Gleggery Dr., Sardis, BC V2R 3H4)

Labuck (demo)

This local band has been very active in the last 8 months, this demo being proof of that. Recorded in Victoria in one weekend by Jason Flower from Mexican Power Authority - and when the vocals are affected (in one of the songs) like a death metal monster it shows. My over-all impression was one of "this is their first band," meaning it doesn't hit you in the face but hey they keep it up because in time... who knows. The funny, funny lyrical satire with a political message is a real highlight and hey, it's punk. (Break Even Records - 2185 Amity Dr., Sidney, BC V8L 1B2)

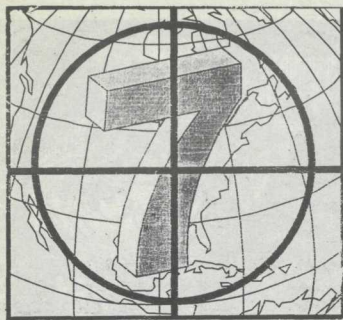
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Losing the Past (cassette) I saw this band open for Swing Kids and Indian Summer awhile back and they really rocked. They seemed quite like a standard straight-edge band as far as looks go but I know that's not what they are. The recording is quite good and definitely deserves some attention. Hopefully they'll come back and if you buy the tape maybe you can sing along when they play. (515 Wilsey Dr. S.E., Calgary, Alberta T2J 3CT)

ALL AGES SHOWS

Sept. 30 The Evaporators, Karp (from olympia), Two Tons Bowlers & Goblins at Crowsfoot Traffic - 316 W. Hastings 8pm-56
Oct. 8 The Nigur Fancine show with Cinnamon, 10 Days Late Staked Plain & The Cowards at Crowsfoot Traffic 8pm-55
Oct. 22 Purance Pace, Trigger Happy, DBS & Pounyboy at the new York Theatre 8pm-58
Oct. 29 Ich, Woo-Woo & guests at Crowsfoot Traffic 8pm-56

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The following reviews represent the personal opinions of Grant Lawrence, who, by the constitutional laws of Canada, is still entitled to his own opinion. But let's leave Canada and its crummy rights for a moment, shall we? Local throb-lovers Superconductor have recently released a track on an Italian double 7" pack entitled *UPL!*. Their tune, "Scum (That Is What You Are)," is a largely experimental, non-melodic screacher and a disappointing departure from the material on their powerful *Rower LP*. The pack also features a barrage of other bands, including American acts *The Chrome Cranks* (noise infested cacophony), *Janitor Joe* (sludge rock), *Atomic 61* (a noise-punk dirge

heavy on percussion), and Italy's *Sinistra* (basically a Yankee clone). Highly recommended for those who enjoy the sounds of heavy machinery. (Helter Skelter, 00162 Roma, P. le delle Province, 8, Italy; also available through Scratch Records)

On the uglier side of the local front, my box was recently polluted by a split single of two rather unknown local bands: *The Muscle Bitches* and *Vampire Fruit* (although according to the credits both bands seem to have the same members). Putting it as mildly as possible, the *Muscle Bitches*' a-side "Save the Nymphom" is utterly disgusting speed-metal, complete with a demonic 'narrator' and a fucked-

up female 'nymph' engaging in a call-and-answer type of thing-sliver. On the flip side, *Vampire Fruit* slip into Gwar territory with more repulsive riffs, zombie-like chanting and over-all horrific music. I pray this thing is some kind of joke or else we may have some very disturbed and mixed-up folk in our scene. (Baptist Cracker, #210-119 W. Pender St., Vancouver, B.C., V6B 1S5)

You know, it may not seem this way right now but I really do hate to be this negative; I just can't bring myself to lie to you. So here we go again...Four groups have come together for a 7" compilation on Toronto's new Sonic Unyon Records. *Tristan Plonkie* (apparently all the rage in TO) led off the disk sounding like a harder-edged Sloan minus the talent and are followed by a band called *Gleet* trying to sneak by with some thoroughly boring ethereal crnd. The other two bands, *Sponge and Shallow*, just play more dull indie pop and try desperately to rock. Oh lord, won't these Toronto losers take a hint from fellow easterners the *Leather Uppers* and learn how to DO IT! Otherwise, keep it outta my face! (Sonic Unyon, 2076 Churchill Ave., Burlington, ON, L7R 3T7)

Lance Rock Records, that strange little rock'n'roll label from Nanaimo which keeps on putting out the damndest good stuff, has a new release out by Atlanta, Georgia's brilliant *The Subsonics*. Like the bastard children of Buddy Holly and the Velvet Underground, this incredible three-piece spit out three venomous rock'n'roll stingers entitled "Looking Over My Shoulder," "Fly," and "Spooky Tricks" (the lat-

ter two being instrumentals). This band really is superb and should be huge, so please, do something about it won't you? (Lance Rock Records, 1223 College Drive, Nanaimo, BC, V9R 5Z5)

Another three-piece that turn it up just a lil' bit less than *The Subsonics* and play that new hard rock the kids all love so much in San Diego's mighty *Fluf!* I certainly dug *Fluf*'s first album and bits and pieces of the second one and, luckily for me, the band's new single "Moody as the Day is Young" captures the *Fluf* I enjoy most: hard, over-driven, highly melodic pop. People keep saying these cats sound like *Dinosaur Jr.*, but since I've never heard that particular band I just wouldn't know. What I do know is that *Fluf*'s O has got a great voice and "One Trick Pony" is a great song. (Goldenrod Records, 3770 Tanay St., San Diego, CA, 92121, USA)

When it comes to pure undiluted rock'n'roll energy, Japan's new hedge-podge barrage of garage bands have got an edge on the rest of the world. Such is the case with the latest hell-raiser *The Registrators*. Taking their cue from fellow countrymen *Teenegenerate*, *The Registrators*' *Set Me Free* EP features five tracks of pumped-up, super-fast, lo-fi punk rock'n'roll. The recording quality is fairly shitty (exactly the way it's supposed to be, although it did mar my enjoyment slightly), creating highly-charged static from this very great band. Watch for it, cuz in six months their name will be everywhere. (Snuffly Smile, 401 Honogh-M, 2-36-2, Yayoi-cho, Nakano-ku, Tokyo, Japan)

Another obvious influence on *The Registrators*' rage is one of my all-time favourite combos, New York's rock'n'roll kings *The Devil Dogs*. The band's latest outing is a split with New Jersey's *Mad Daddys* and is a another boss cut in the long line of Devil Dogs greatness. This time it's an awesome crash 'n' burn cover of an obscure doo-wop song entitled "Ragdoll." Over on the flip-side, the *Mad Daddys* unwittingly prove that it doesn't get any better than the Devil Dogs with a tired take on the Monkees' "Steppin' Stone" that should have remained in the garage along with the countless other versions of that song. (Demolition Derby, Tevrouseweg 1H-1820 Perk, Belgium)

The *Mad Daddys* notwithstanding, New Jersey does have its share of hit-makers, such as the improbably fabulous *Shirbirds* (although they may have flown the coop to LA). Teamed up with New York's *Simon and the Bar Sinisters* for a four song, all-instrumental rock'n'roll party on the *Sympathy For The Record Industry* label. The *Shirbirds* two cuts have the inexplicably Canuck-themed titles of "Kickback 1812" and "Canadian Carwash" (maybe they're on the soundtrack for that new Michael Moore movie about the USA invading Canada) and both kick absolute butt, although I must admit disappointment in not being treated to lead-singer-bred April March's heavenly pipes. On the flip, *Simon* and his players try to "swain" along to keep up with the *Shirbirds*' sonic pace but can't quite make it. But then who could?

Also on the *Sympathy* label is the very first thing I've ever heard from

San Francisco's notorious *Diesel Queens*. Politically incorrect in the extreme, this is flat-out sleaze-ball punk rock. Side A is a circa '77 assault on the Dixon and the Belmonts' tune "The Wanderer" which chops along very merrily. On the B-side, "Coldpiece Nation" sounds like it may be a bit of a departure for the *Queens* as 80% of the song is just strumming guitar accompanied by gritty lyrics all about that "sweaty leather patch that cups superheroes' nuts." Another great couple of records from *Sympathy*.

Finally, from the heart of the Los Angeles scene, is a new series of seven-inchers with all their proceeds going to help East LA's famed coffee-house/art gallery/punk rock palace Jabbagaw alive and open. The first record in the series features four 'favourite' high-profile rock acts: *Unwound*, *Hammerhead*, *Slug* and *Helmet*. The music, as you can probably guess, is extremely harsh and hard-hitting. Some may consider these four exclusive tracks a treasure but I just find them to be an ear-ache - an ear-ache for a good cause, mind you! (Mammoth Records, Carr Mill 2nd Floor, Caribron, ON, T2V10, USA)



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- Contestants may enter in more than one category
- Each performing unit must submit a cassette with their entry forms to qualify
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- Entry fee: \$5 per person
- Rules are available at CiTR and other locations in your area

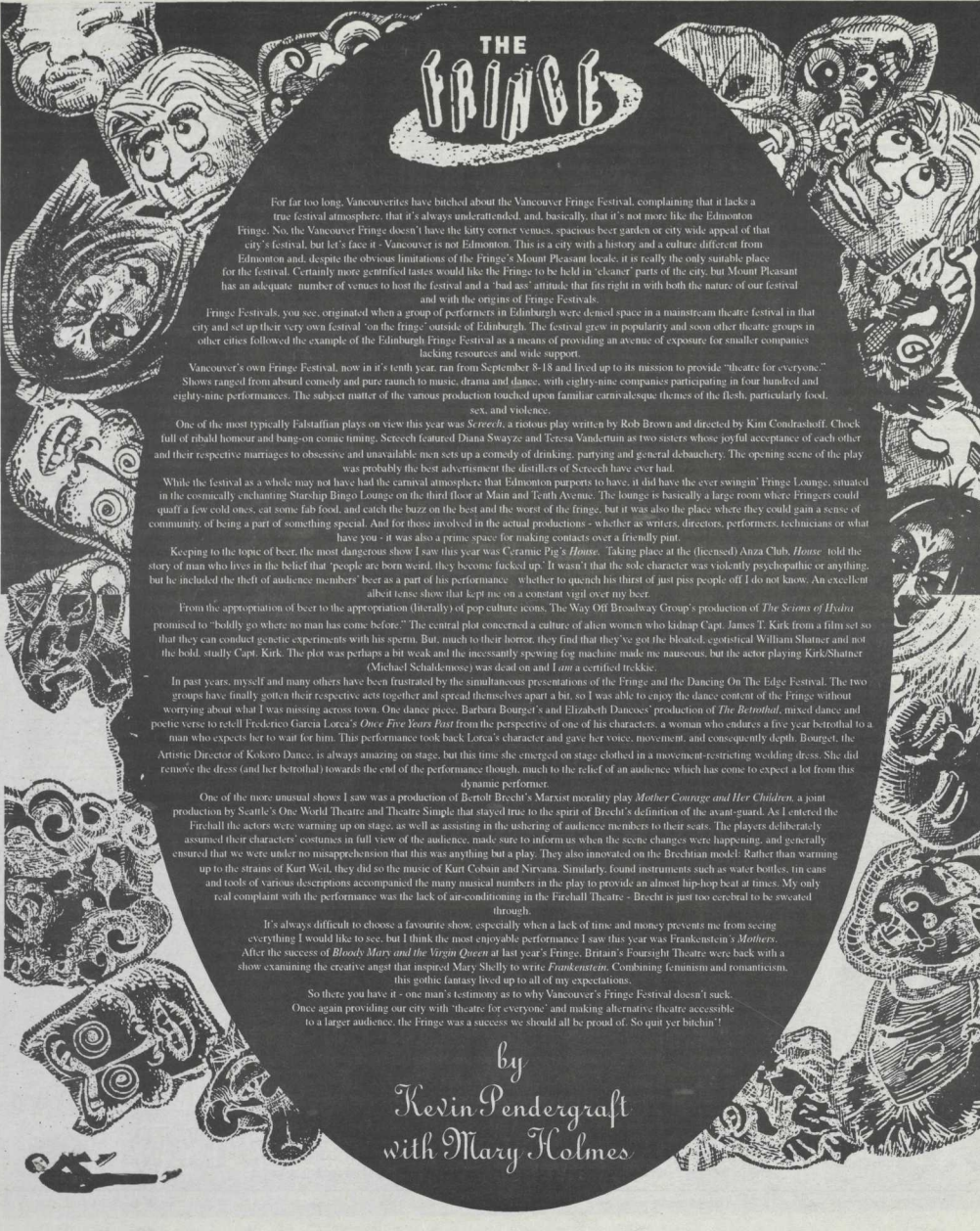
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THE FRINGE

For far too long, Vancouverites have bitched about the Vancouver Fringe Festival, complaining that it lacks a true festival atmosphere, that it's always underattended, and, basically, that it's not more like the Edmonton Fringe. No, the Vancouver Fringe doesn't have the kitsy corner venues, spacious beer garden or city wide appeal of that city's festival, but let's face it - Vancouver is not Edmonton. This is a city with a history and a culture, different from Edmonton and, despite the obvious limitations of the Fringe's Mount Pleasant locale, it is really the only suitable place for the festival. Certainly more genteel tastes would like the Fringe to be held in 'cleaner' parts of the city, but Mount Pleasant has an adequate number of venues to host the festival and a 'bad ass' attitude that fits right in with both the nature of our festival and with the origins of Fringe Festivals.

Fringe Festivals, you see, originated when a group of performers in Edinburgh were denied space in a mainstream theatre festival in that city and set up their very own festival 'on the fringe' outside of Edinburgh. The festival grew in popularity and soon other theatre groups in other cities followed the example of the Edinburgh Fringe Festival as a means of providing an avenue of exposure for smaller companies lacking resources and wide support.

Vancouver's own Fringe Festival, now in its tenth year, ran from September 8-18 and lived up to its mission to provide 'theatre for everyone.' Shows ranged from absurd comedy and pure raunch to music, drama and dance, with eighty-nine companies participating in four hundred and eighty-nine performances. The subject matter of the various production touched upon familiar carnivalesque themes of the flesh, particularly food, sex, and violence.

One of the most typically Falstaffian plays on view this year was *Screech*, a riotous play written by Rob Brown and directed by Kim Conradshoff. Chock full of ribald humour and bang-on comic timing, *Screech* featured Diana Swayze and Teresa Vandertuin as two sisters whose joyful acceptance of each other and their respective marriages to obsessive and unavailable men sets up a comedy of drinking, partying and general debauchery. The opening scene of the play was probably the best advertisement the distillers of *Screech* have ever had.

While the festival as a whole may not have had the carnival atmosphere that Edmonton purports to have, it did have the ever swinging 'Fringe Lounge, situated in the cosmically enchanting Starship Bingo Lounge on the third floor at Main and Tenth Avenue. The lounge is basically a large room where Fringers could quaff a few cold ones, eat some bar food, and catch the buzz on the best and the worst of the fringe, but it was also the place where they could gain a sense of community, of being a part of something special. And for those involved in the actual productions - whether as writers, directors, performers, technicians or what have you - it was also a prime space for making contacts over a friendly pint.

Keeping to the topic of beer, the most dangerous show I saw this year was Ceramic Pig's *House*. Taking place at the (licensed) Anza Club, *House* told the story of a man who lives in the belief that 'people are born weird, they become fucked up.' It wasn't that the sole character was violently psychopathic or anything, but he included the theft of audience members' beer as a part of his performance - whether to quench his thirst or just piss people off I do not know. An excellent albeit tense show that kept me on a constant vigil over my beer.

From the appropriation of beer to the appropriation (literally) of pop culture icons, The Way Off Broadway Group's production of *The Scions of Hydra* promised to 'boldly go where no man has come before.' The central plot concerned a culture of alien women who kidnap Capt. James T. Kirk from a film set so that they can conduct genetic experiments with his sperm. But, much to their horror, they find that they've got the bloated, egotistical William Shatner and not the bold, stately Capt. Kirk. The plot was perhaps a bit weak and the incessantly spewing fog machine made me nauseous, but the actor playing Kirk/Shatner (Michael Schaldemose) was dead on and *Lam* a certified treckle.

In past years, myself and many others have been frustrated by the simultaneous presentations of the Fringe and the Dancing On The Edge Festival. The two groups have finally gotten their respective acts together and spread themselves apart a bit, so I was able to enjoy the dance content of the Fringe without worrying about what I was missing across town. One dance piece, Barbara Bourge's and Elizabeth Danow's production of *The Betrotal*, mixed dance and poetic verse to retell Federico Garcia Lorca's *Once Five Years Part* from the perspective of one of his characters, a woman who endures a five year betrothal to a man who expects her to wait for him. This performance took back Lorca's character and gave her voice, movement, and consequently depth. Bourget, the Artistic Director of Kokoro Dance, is always amazing on stage, but this time she emerged on stage clothed in a movement-restricting wedding dress. She did remove the dress (and her betrothal) towards the end of the performance though, much to the relief of an audience which has come to expect a lot from this dynamic performer.

One of the more unusual shows I saw was a production of Bertolt Brecht's Marxist morality play *Mother Courage and Her Children*, a joint production by Seattle's One World Theatre and Theatre Simple that stayed true to the spirit of Brecht's definition of the avant-garde. As I entered the

Firchall the actors were warming up on stage, as well as assisting in the ushering of audience members to their seats. The players deliberately assigned their characters' costumes in full view of the audience, made sure to inform us when the scene changes were happening, and generally ensured that we were under no misapprehension that this was anything but a play. They also innovated on the Brechtian model: Rather than warming up to the strains of Kurt Weill, they did so to the music of Kurt Cobain and Nirvana. Similarly, found instruments such as water bottles, tin cans and tools of various descriptions accompanied the many musical numbers in the play to provide an almost hip-hop beat at times. My only real complaint with the performance was the lack of air-conditioning in the Firchall Theatre - Brecht is just too cerebral to be sweated through.

It's always difficult to choose a favourite show, especially when a lack of time and money prevents me from seeing everything I would like to see, but I think the most enjoyable performance I saw this year was Frankenstein's *Mothers*. After the success of *Bloody Mary* and the *Virgin Queen* at last year's Fringe, Britain's Foursight Theatre were back with a show examining the creative angst that inspired Mary Shelley to write *Frankenstein*. Combining feminism and romanticism, this gothic fantasy lived up to all of my expectations.

So there you have it - one man's testimony as to why Vancouver's Fringe Festival doesn't suck. Once again providing our city with 'theatre for everyone' and making alternative theatre accessible to a larger audience, the Fringe was a success we should all be proud of. So quit yer bitchin'!

by
Kevin Pendergrast
with Mary Holmes

Sam the Record Man

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KING COBB STEELIE: A POCKET HISTORY

June 1991. Guelph, four grown men, big record collections, too much free time, an unrelenting desire to entertain. K.C.S. is spawned...the shithheap of mediocrity awaits.

April 1992. After a year of exhaustive test marketing, K.C.S. record two songs, "One's A Haffer" and "Duotang". They are released as the universally hoarded seven inch single. For reasons still unclear, the single is given away. An internal investigation is still pending.

March 1993. Seasoned road veterans of the Golden Triangle K.C.S. look for new ways to leech their bank accounts. A full length album is recorded. Toronto indie maverick Raw Energy foolishly agree to release the first K.C.S. CD produced by Shadowy Men On A Shadowy Planet Lynchpin Don Pyle.

April 1993. K.C.S. fulfill years of repressed teenage fantasies and tour the nation. Brave New Waves and college radio play the record way too much, while the National Chart forget to remove it from the Top 30 for six months.

May 1993. In flagrant violation of the austerity measures imposed by band accountant Al Okada, K.C.S. remix "Deadly Lampshade" from the K.C.S. debut. The CD single "You Said A Mouthful" features the vocal obstacle course of Kathryn Rose and the primordial drone of Cyrus Sunder Singh along with some rather cryptic bunny artwork.

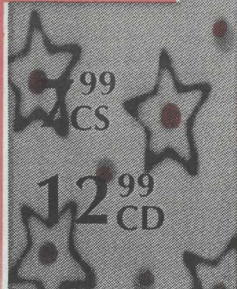
August 1993. K.C.S. enter the studio with indie rock producer extraordinaire and pool shark, Steve Albini. They attempt six songs in three days. Let's not talk about it.

January 1994. Another national tour, another crippling debt - enter Satan. K.C.S. sign a world wide, trans-linear publishing deal with Warner/Chappell. Their pupils are permanently replaced by dollar signs.

March 1994. Stopped at the U.S. border trying to flee the country, K.C.S. are forced to record another album. The band asks universal dub emperor Bill Laswell (Sly and Robbie, P.I.L., Iggy Fela, George Clinton) to direct them to the path of enlightenment.

Recorded in Toronto and mixed at Laswell's own Greenpoint Studio in Brooklyn N.Y., the album includes stellar performances by Change of Heart's Ian Burton and really gone trumpet cartographer Harble Spanier.

August 1994. K.C.S. release their second pair of slop and bleating, "Project Twinkle" on lunamoch/EMI. The first obligatory single and video is "Triple Oceanic Experience". All latent rock buffoonery shall be unfurled under the banner "national tour" in late September.



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UNDER REVIEW

THE RIP-OFFS

Got A Record
(Rip-Off Records)

Ah yes, an ultimate DIY rock 'n' roll album by those men in the robber outfits from San Francisco, The Rip-Offs. *Got A Record* is a loot bag full of raunchy songs, all of which have been knocking at the back of my brain since my first few spins of this blood-red vinyl platter. The Rip-Offs are a lo-fi, down and dirty punk rock 'n' roll band with attitude to spare, and the fourteen tracks on *Got A Record* prove that along with the chips on their shoulders, tattoos, and nylon face-masks, the men of The Rip-Offs have got some genuine songwriting ability and many a catchy melody. Combining members of past fabulous SF bands like Supercharger and the Mr. T Experience, this band has a great overall presence, both in their songs and their hilarious themes. Just check out the front cover: an amazing coup d'état featuring the boys posing candidly in the San Francisco Police Department's criminal line-up room! This one's the pure goods Mama!

Grant Lawrence



DINOSAUR JR.

Without a Sound
(Blanco y Negro)

As a follow-up to his successful 1992 album, *Been There*, J Mascis has completed this, another twisted yet pleasant Dinosaur Jr. disc. Change and musical evolution are obviously not top priorities for Mascis: Everything on *Without a Sound* is typical of his previous efforts. On the other hand, consistency in the guise of well-con-

structed rock songs accompanied by J's abrasive guitar-playing has its good points.

Mascis has perfected the art of using familiar guitar riffs that entice his audience into his personal hell of loneliness, despair and failure. The lyrical content of the album can be summarized by the words of the first song, "Feel the Pain": *I feel all the pain, then I feel nothin'.*

I find the quieter songs, such as "Outta Hand" and "Seemed Like the Thing" easier to enjoy but there are plenty of up-tempo rockers to balance out the sorrowful mood of the album.

Vince Yeh

JALE

Dreamcake
(Sub Pop)

Well here it is, the long awaited full length release from the much hyped Maritime foursome Jale. *Dreamcake*, produced by Brad Wood (Liz Phair, Shrimphorn), consists of twelve spare and somber songs which are reminiscent of Tautou and Velocity Girl but with more of an emphasis on harmony and backing vocals. Lyrically, the songs on *Dreamcake* deal primarily with relationships, as titles like "To Be Your Friend" and "Love Letter" suggest. On the whole, the album is a bit bland and plodding. The one exception is the Breeder-like opening track, "Not Happy," which stands out from the rest. *Dreamcake* has its moments but it fails to generate much excitement for these ears.

Fred deR

L7

Hungry for Stink
(Slash)

Anyone who goes to see the new Ollie Stone movie, *Natural Born Killers*, has got to admit that watching Juliet Lewis kick the shit out of a red-necked creep to the dulcet tones of L7 is powerful, powerful, POWERFUL! On this new release from the gals, all the songs are anthems of female power. They're messy and crunchy and make you



want to go out and do something reckless. One song in particular is reason enough to go out and buy *Hungry for Stink*: "Shirley" is the kind of song that makes you wish that the dynamite lady at the monster-truck show, the one who usually blows herself up during halftime, would jump into the truck with the biggest timer and mow down all her opponents.

This music makes you want to run or hit something. It's like uppers for your ears. Everything becomes hyper-real and makes you anxious. You're faced with an enemy and you're all keyed-up to say exactly what it is that you've always wanted to say but never have and then you do and you feel STRONG! Your esteem kicks in and raises your blood pressure and you feel that you can be true to yourself.

This music is hip-swingy and naughty. And it's sexy. You could either hate someone or love someone to this music which is good because neither are mutually exclusive.

This music makes you want to tie your Barbie™ to your bumper and drive around the world just to see how unmarketable she'd be when you get back. Know what I mean?

Kirsty Smith



NOFX

punk in drublic
(Epitaph Records)

Punk rock can be an exhilarating musical experience; it can also be really tiresome when it's delivered by a bunch of adrenaline-fueled suburban fools from California shouting pointless slogans. While NOFX certainly fall into some of these categories, their skills (fast rhythms, great harmonies, kid guitar sound) and finely honed sense of lyrical humor allow them to rise above most of their rock'n'roll brethren.

punk in drublic, the band's latest release, provides further proof that NOFX do indeed rule. The first two tracks, "Linoleum" and "Leave It Alone," are straight forward hard-drivers which managed to make this reviewer feel like he was sixteen

again. Other stand-out tracks include "Lori Meyers," which relates the feelings of a porn star ("You think I sell my body, I only sell my time"), and "Jeff Wears Birkenstocks," a gentle dig at the Grateful Dead phenomenon. Perhaps these guys just don't understand the spiritual implications of Jerry's guitar solos.

One final note: For those of you who are easily offended, there is still some of the juvenile humor that has made this band a mainstay with the skater set. Consider yourselves warned.

Geoff Wherrett



THE RHEOSTATICS

Introducing Happiness

(Sire)

they're happy
they're happy
they're different
they're happier
happiness is
elastic pop quiet shouted
you can tell they are
Canadian, not like Bare Naked...
they don't fawn.

subtler than past
maybe Whale Music or Molvatic is
better to get first
still the best band in the world
(frontal nude of band members inside)
original new wave rock.

Tom Glens

RANCID

Let's Go

(Epitaph)

Along with the fact that this album was released in one of the most original, collectable packages ever (a double ten-inch on white vinyl with a gate-fold sleeve), Rancid's whopping twenty-two titles on *Let's Go* are song-for-song the catchiest punk I've heard since...since Rancid's *Radio Radio Radio* EP released earlier this year. The tunes (and I mean tunes, folks) weave their way through a Rancid-eye view of San Francisco, Berkeley and Oakland, providing a strong social commentary highlighted with such violent themes as young death, dope, booze, guns and punks. All the songs rage with an incredible energy rarely captured on record and they show off the amazing songwriting and performing talent of those four mohawk-sporting punks who look like they'd be better qualified to beg for change than to put out an awesome rock'n'roll record like this.

Grant Lawrence

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Fraser Valley Champions

(Veritable Shrine)

I like the idea of local compilations: Lotsa bands, lotsa songs, and exposure to music that may otherwise never see the light of the laser on my CD player. The Fraser Valley Champions Compilation, put together by the Seattle-based Veritable Shrine Music Organization, features nine bands over seventeen tracks, starting with Darkest of the Hillsides Thickets' "A Thousand Fists." Kinda hard rockin' and catchy, but only marginally so. Their second song, "Big Robot Dinosaurs," sounds something like Evan Dando singing for Primus and is equally mediocre. Blender Children is next with a humdrum finger-doin'-grunge thing called "Bag of Tricks." The band's other song, "My Name'sake," also has that clichéd grunge element, but singer Harry Priesen's straining vocals do spew a lot of energy.

Maybe it's the angst of having to drive so far to Vancouver to play clubs or see out of town acts or the influence of Seattle bands, but there's definitely a streak of anger and intensity throughout this disc and especially in the two tracks by Diesel Division. This is metal 4 la grindcore and is good for what it is, but neither "Bloody Minded" nor "Beyond the Wheel" is to my taste. Both are as heavy as a cement block and about as melodic. The one track by Flywheel, "Sonic John," is hardly mind-blowing, but it's Sonic Youth's atonal/noise-background

sound is promising enough to make me want to hear more from this band. The same cannot be said for Jonathan Wrath, however, who can only offer a couple of bland Nirvana-wanna-be tunes.

Probably the best pair of songs on the CD come from Howard Verses Willy. Both "India" and "Deep in the Park" are rather formulaic "college rock" songs which alternate distorted choruses with cleaner sounding verses, but their pretty decent nonetheless. Another couple of stand-outs come from Draining Fats, who tap into the 70's groove of Urge Overkill on "Weak" while getting into a heavier, almost speed-metal sound on "Pleaser." Not spectacular, but not bad either.

The Seattle influence rears its ugly head again on Molybdenum's "10th East," a rather boring song with stale sounding drums bored me. The band's other track, "Will," has an almost industrial flavour and can best be described as o.k.

Red Deer close the compilation with a bouncy number that features distorted guitars and whiny vocals. A good listen for the first two discs, but after that it just drags.

It says in the liner notes for this disc that "...if you come away having spent your ten bucks and enjoying the sound of at least one band that you have never heard before, the whole of Veritable Shrine benefits, and we thank you. If not, charge yourself five for it." So, have I got any takers?

Brian Wieser

Introduce Yourself

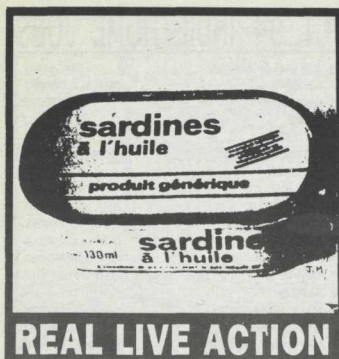


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DEBUT BBQ

A backyard in Mount Pleasant Saturday, September 3

Now this is the kind of thing that should happen more often: a show featuring a whole bunch of new bands in a big ol' backyard in East Vancouver. It all started around 4:00 pm with every man's man Beez singing some solo songs to an ever-growing audience of East Van scenesters, followed by the new group Petrolia playing terrifically loud guitar rock. It was during Petrolia's sonic assault that the first of several angry neighbours - wondering why a bunch of weirdos were holding a show in the middle of the afternoon in their neighbourhood - showed their faces over the fence. But no cops - yet.

The disgruntled neighbours were quickly tamed into submission by the cool accordions/guitar/beat-box rhythms of cover girl Wandering Lucy, who was followed by the hilarious Pocket Caligula (featuring local painter and togs sportin' Todd Dave along with a few other cronies from Knock Down Ginger) playing some great Violent Femmes-esque ditties about art

school and lovin' this town.

Next up was the evening's star attraction Meow. Decked out in fur bikinis and rockin' hard, this latest all-girl sensation finally managed to attract the attention of the police. Fortunately the cops were so charmed by the fur-clad Meow that they delayed shutting things down and allowed the band to belt out its last dose of kitty garage.

July Fourth Toilet then collectively stumbled on stage and attempted to perform, but they made such a racket with their rendition of "Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds" that the cops made everyone move inside. Not a big problem - it was getting dark and chilly and most everybody had had their fill of barbecued tofs dogs and sweet potatoes. Once inside, Rob Dayton and the rest of his Toiletettes continued their musical mayhem until around 9:00pm when it was time for the final act of the evening, the Mary Janes (who have just changed their name to The Tonics, by the way). A star-studded combo featuring members of Krevis, Tankdog, Show Biz Giants and Bum, the Mary Janes' drunken, instrumental party rock made for a great finish to a particu-



larily original and fun event. Long live the backyard BBQ!
Grant Lawrence

Lollapalooza '94
Cloverhatch Race Track
Tuesday, August 30
If there is any justice in the world, Lollapalooza will never rear its don't-give-a-fuck-how-crowded-it-is-when-it-was-time-for-the-final-act money-so-stand-in-line-for-an-hour-and-buy-a-t-shirt-and-an-overpriced-Coke-and-listen-to-some-rock'n'roll-but-nothing-Canadian-please-cause-that-would-be-helping-someone-else's-music-industry-hope-you-enjoyed-the-show-now-hurry-

home-to-bed-kids head in these parts ever again. It was hot, dusty, and way overkill and the acoustics were fucking scandalous - unless you were suffocating in the moshpit directly in front of the stage you were subjected to an echo from hell.

Green Day came on stage right on time and set off a stampede in the parking lot that was quickly halted by the hour plus line-up at the ONE entrance to the festival sight. There really should have been a riot considering how many people had to miss the best band of the day.

L7 were up next. Why oh why do people like this band? How did the appropriation of everything vulgar and tasteless in male cock-rock get redefined as female empowerment? How can people willingly subject themselves to Jennifer Fieche's fingers-on-a-chalkboard screeching?

Nick Cave was cool but he was in the wrong place at the wrong time. He should stay away from both sunlight and the outdoors.

And unidentified flying objects. After Nick left the stage in a huff I decided to check out the 'Mindfield' and the second stage. The former was lame and overcrowded and the latter was so

Gigantic lead breeder Kim Deal is rudely interrupted by the Beastie Boys' MCA (left). George Clinton reaches out to touch the funk (below). Ace photos by resident lackey and special effects genius Jamin Alekson.

close to the mainstage as to be an insult to the bands playing on DBS. Not to mention the Nazi MC who wouldn't shut up and let people chill out and relax in the sunshine. I was especially impressed when he resorted to taunting kids into moving closer to the stage by announcing that they were probably

gouging is behind us. I hope you had a better time than I did.

Les Vegas

Rancid
Ten Days Late
DBS
SUB Ballroom
Friday, September 9
I have been going to CTR for a year now and I have always wondered what that big room across the hall from us is. Turns out that it's the SUB Ballroom. The night of this show, the SUB was bursting at the seams with fifteen year-old punk rockers and, compared to the last time I saw Rancid play at the YoYo Music Festival, this crowd was very tame. Where were the usual crusty punks? Well, I saw a few panning downtown earlier that day, but at \$10 a head they were probably still downtown by the time the Kings of OH hit the stage.

Opening for Rancid were locals Ten Days Late. I love the heavy sound of this band but I can't stomach the rock star attitude they have - I was very disappointed when one band member told me it sucks opening because "you sell less merch."

Next up were local cuties DBS. Everybody loves DBS because they are fifteen and play in a band. Their sound was far better than anyone else that night and they are really good at what they do, but at the same time they lose great points in the originality department - the names Green Day, Bad Religion and Sawweed all come to my mind. Like cute little puppy dogs, these boys will need to develop something more lasting than youth if they are to keep my interest.

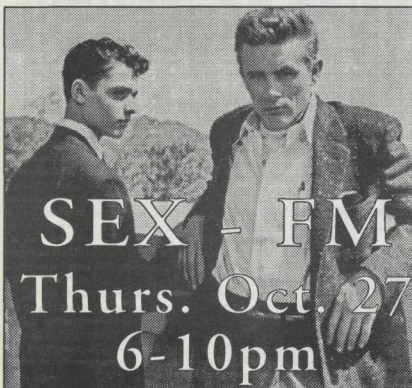
Rancid came on stage with their shoeless underpants on and their hair all punked out in 'hawkies. Oh. They played their stuff, the bass was once again amazing, the hey hey choruses were perfect, but I was disappointed. I don't know which has changed, Rancid or my expectations of them, but they bored me.

I'm not sure exactly how many encores Rancid did, because after two I decided I really had to pee or get sick, so I left that mysterious room and the SUB Ballroom and headed for the SUB bathroom.

Trish Kelly

The Fall
Good Horsey
Starfish Room
Tuesday, September 20
When we heard that Mark E. Smith and the funky bunch were coming to the Starfish Room we immediately cancelled our dates (yeah, right) for the night and mailed our way into the sold-out show at the Starfish Room.

Opening band Good Horsey suffered from technical difficulties and a bad case of drummer worship, but the well-fermented Mr. Smith and Co. put on a tightly knit, kick-ass show that had the initially stiff looking crowd writhing and sweating in no time. Christy Armstrong & Nicole Oguchi



a radio protest to support gay/lesbian/bi-sexual programming. a radio protest against censorship. a radio protest against homophobia.

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CHARTS

OCTOBER 94 LONG VINYL 50

1 THE GLOO GIRLS	ATTENTION SHOPPERS	CELLULOID
2 VARIOUS ARTISTS	DARE TO BE AWARE	W.O.T.
3 THE RHEOSTATICS	INTRODUCING HAPPINESS	SIRE
4 STEREO LAB	MARS AUDIAC QUINTET	ELEKTRA
5 MUSLIMGAUZE	CITADEL	EXTREME
6 SONIC YOUTH	EXPERIMENTAL JET SET	GEFFEN
7 ORB	POMMES FRITZ	ISLAND
8 DELERUM	SEMANTIC SPACES	NETTWERK
9 WEEZER	WEEZER	GEFFEN
10 FRACAS	GRISLY LOBBY DISPLAY	INCENTIVE
11 FIFTH COLUMN	36C	K
12 THE SMUGGLERS	WET PANTS CLUB	RADIATION
13 THE MOUNTAIN GOATS	ZOPILOTE MACHINE	AIJAX
14 PANSY DIVISION	DEFLOWERED	LOOKOUT
15 PETER D'ERRIES	ELECTRICITY	AIJAX
16 COOLIO	IT TAKES A THIEF	TOMMYBOY
17 TREBLE CHARGER	NC17	SONIC UNYON
18 VARIOUS ARTISTS	JABBERJAW COMPILATION	MAMMOTH
19 CRAYON	BRICK FACTORY	HARRIET
20 LUSCIOUS JACKSON	NATURAL INGREDIENTS	GRAND ROYAL
21 MC 900 FT JESUS	ONE STEP AHEAD...	AMERICAN
22 FREE KITTEN	UNBOXED	PEARL NECKLACE
23 BLUES EXPLOSION	MO' WIDTH	AUGOGO
24 THE CRAMPS	ROCKIN'ROLLIN'...	RESTLESS
25 ANI DI FRANCO	OUT OF RANGE	RIGHTHOUSE BABE
26 PERFUME TREE	THE SUNS RUNNING OUT	ZULU
27 SICKO	YOU CAN FEEL THE LOVE...	EMPTY
28 NEIL YOUNG & C.H.	SLEEPS WITH ANGELS	REPRISE
29 KILLING JOKE	PANDEMONIUM	ZOO
30 SLOAN	TWICE REMOVED	GEFFEN
31 BLUR	PARKLIFE	FOOD

32 VARIOUS ARTISTS	TRIBUTE TO K. YOUNG	REPRISE
33 HEAVENS TO BETSY	CALCULATED	KILL ROCK STARS
34 THE FLAMING LIPS	PROVIDING NEEDLES...	WARNER
35 SAINT ETIENNE	TIGER BAY	WARNER
36 VARIOUS ARTISTS	VOLUME 9	VOLUME
37 BIG DRILL CAR	NO WORSE FOR THE WEAR	HEADHUNTER
38 THE MEL VINS	YOUR CHOICE LIVE SERIES	CARGO
39 JALE	DREAM CAKE	SUB POP
40 JERU THE DAMAJA	COME CLEAN 12"	PATYDAY
41 SF SEALS	STILL?	MATADOR
42 UNWOUND	NEW PLASTIC IDEAS	KILL ROCK STARS
43 THINKING FELLERS UNION	THE FUNERAL PUDDING	AIJAX
44 JOAN JETT & THE ...	PURE AND SIMPLE	WARNER
45 TONI CHILDS	THE WOMAN'S BOAT	GEFFEN
46 DICK DALE	UNKNOWN TERRITORY	HIGHTONE
47 AVAIL	SATIADE	LOOKOUT
48 THE FIGGS	LOW-R AT SOCIETY HIGH	IMAGO
49 7 YEAR BITCH	VIVA ZAPATA	CZ
50 DINOSAUR JR.	WITHOUT A SOUND	SIRE

OCT 94 SHORT VINYL 35

1 PEZZICATO 5	FIVE BY FIVE EP	MATADOR
2 LOVE & ROCKETS	BODY AND SOUL EP	AMERICAN
3 THAT DOG	OLD TIMER EP	GEFFEN
4 VARIOUS ARTISTS	YOUTH ON FIRE 7"	CANDY ASH
5 THE BLUE SHADOWS	ROCKIN'	SONY
6 NEW POWER GENERATION	SPLIT 7"	BREAK EVEN
7 ERIC'S TRIP	GORDON STREET HAUNTING EP	SUB POP
8 SMOG	A HIT 7"	DRAG CITY
9 VARIOUS ARTISTS	SMELL YA LATER 7"	SONIC UNYON
10 THE BREEDERS	SAINTS EP	POLYGRAM
11 PURPLE KNIGHT	NIGHT OF BLACK WATERS	DISQUES NIM
12 COME	WRONG SIDE EP	MATADOR
13 BUILT TO SPILL	JOYRIDE 7"	K
14 CRDS	AMERICAN WOMAN 7"	FUEL
15 EXECUTIONERS	1493 STEPS TO MY HOUSE	EMPH
16 STRAWBERRY JUMBEAT	SPLIT 7"	CINNAMON TOAST
17 SHOTMAKER	WATERSHED 7"	VITAL COMMUNICATION
18 JAWBOX	CALLING CARD EP	ATLANTIC
19 GOLDENRODS	LESBIAN NATION 7"	
20 PLUTO	DEATHSTAR 7"	MINT
21 NFA	PLAYING HELL... 7"	DISQUES NIM
22 THE KARL HENDRICKS TRIO	CHECKING YOU OUT 7"	MIND CURE
23 TEAM DRESCH	LOVE CONFESSIONS 7"	KILL ROCK STARS
24 TEN DAYS LATE	GETAWAY 7"	KLARK
25 HARDSHIP POST	WHY DON'T YOU AND I... 7"	MURDER
26 THE DROVERS	KILL MICE ELF EP	TANTRUM
27 DUB NARCOTIC	DISCO PLATE 7"	
28 THE SURFDUSTERS	WAVES OF PLEASURE 7"	SURFPOST
29 BAGPIPE OPERATION	67 MELODY LANE 7"	HARRIET
30 MAGIC DIRT	SIGNS OF SATANIC... 7"	AUGOGO
31 RED NUMBER NINE	MARY 7"	FARMHOUSE
32 VARIOUS ARTISTS	OPTIONAL INGREDIENTS 7"	TRACKSHUN
33 HOT TOASTERS	FISH AND DOCTOR 7"	DRAG CITY
34 THE GREAT MONGOOSE	SHE'S A BAD MOTORCYCLE 7"	GIANT CLAW
35 DESK	ASTRONAUTS 7"	SLOW RIVER

OCT 94 INDIE HOME JOBS

1 THE REAL MCKENZIES	HAGGIES
2 SQUEEKY	NOT ALL DAISIES
3 GROVER FUR	I LIKE YOU
4 PLUMP	FIRST GIG
5 KITTENS	TOMBOY
6 TATTLE TALE	A GIRL'S TOOLBOX
7 SQUELCH	I LIKE YOU
8 PET	SUGAR
9 TICKLE TRUNK	NO MEANS NO
10 TEN DAYS LATE	GETAWAY
11 GREEN ACHERS	INDIANA ROAD
12 NC17	TRINITY BELLWOODS
13 TENSOR	NO TIME FOR RNR
14 HOULIE	P I
15 MARK (FROM HORSEY)	SPRING CHICKEN
16 MYSTERONS	INFERNO
17 MEET DAISY	ELLIOT'S SHAPE
18 SPEED BUGGY	WHEAT JEANS
19 KREVISS	EXPOSE
20 DBS	WASTE LAND
21 IMPALOR	I'D CROSS THE FJORDS FOR YOU
22 GAZE	SEA MONKEYS DIE
23 VELVETEENS	FENCE
24 WATERFALL UNDER	TAKIN' MY BREATH AWAY
25 GRAIN ELEVATOR	YOUR NAME IN NEON
26 DIESEL CANDY	HAVE A GOOD DROWN
27 THE FLU	DISAPPEAR
28 SPIRITUAL HEROINE	CAN'T FIND IT
29 THE BUSHYTAILS	HOT ROD RONNY
30 THUMB TACK	SEE EMILY

HOME BASS

COUNTDOWN TO ARMAGEDDON

1 HARD FLOOR	FISH & CHIPS	HARTHOUSE
2 VARIOUS	TECHNOHEAD 2	REACT
3 THE PRODIGY	MUSIC FOR...	XL
4 JUNO REACTOR	HIGH ENERGY PROTONS	NOVAMUTE
5 SOURMASH	FLORIMMAGE TO PARADISE	MOONSHINE
6 SINGLE GUN THEORY	FALL (REMIXES)	NETTWERK
7 QUM STARGAZER & COMM MONROE	014 EP	EXIST DANCE
8 JOEY BELTRAM	THE CALIBER	WARP
9 FREDDIE FRESH	GNARL EP	DROP BASS
10 HARD FLOOR	FUNALOGUE EP	HARTHOUSE

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FR13 10 I DARE YOU TO GO TO THIS GIG IASON PRIESTLEY! Nardwaz the Human Services Presents Kary the Evaporator, Two Bone Brothers & the Cockin at Crestown Traffic (all ages). -El Caminito & the at the Hungry Eye. -Sandra Bernhard at the Vogue. -Rumplesteinkin & Omblat at the Starfish. -The Winguats at the Malcolm Lower Room. -Babe Gurr w/special guests at the Railway. -The Tea Party, Triple Joy & the at the Hungry Eye. -Friday Folk at Koorner's (go-see) -Stefan Hannigan at the W.I.S.E. Hall (8:30pm). -Baba Farid & La Quena. -Love Spit Love & Oringo Aunts at the Town Pump. -Alternative Dance Night at Graceland. -Wig (9:30pm) at the Waldorf Hotel Polynesian Lounge. -The Shadow (7pm) & Wolf (9:30pm) at UBC Cinema.

SAT 11 Truman's Water, The Surreptitious Dicks & Blaise Pascal at the Starfish Room. -Sandra Bernhard at the Vogue. -Babe Gurr w/special guests & Grace at the Hungry Eye. -The Selector at the Town Pump. -Cassandra Wilson at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm). -Heaven & Hell at the Commodore. -Voda Hille with s/pocman (L.A. Muzik) & Little L & Frank at the 4th Gallery (Down). -Techno Dance Night with DJ Noah at Graceland. -Equinox with DJ's Taylor (L.A.), Mary, Little T, Markem X & Quickfix (893 0023). -Country Danc w/Loy & The Tall Boys at the W.I.S.E. Hall (8:30pm). -Junkhouse at the Railway. -Way Jones Struggle at the Yale. -Latin Explosion at 86 Street (7pm). -The Shadow (7pm) & Wolf (9:30pm) at UBC Cinema.

SUN 12 Thinking Felties Union Local #282 & Superconductor at the Starfish Room. -Rock's Soccer Ball featuring Junkhouse, Colin James, Art Bergmann, Rhymes With Orange, Pure, West End Girls, Tone Loc & Pharcyde, Annette Ducharme & Terry David Mulligan at the Commodore. -Ed Wood Jr. Night at the Railway. -The Shadow (7:30pm) & Wolf (9:30pm) at UBC Cinema.

MON 3 CTR & SCRATCH RECORDS PRESENTS RUBINS, HEDDEGHO & ROUGHAGE AT THE ANZA. -Sam Phillips, T-Bone Burnett & Friend at the Starfish. -Julio Iglesias, Bobby Collins at the Queen E. -Escape Goats at the Railway.

TUE 4 CTR PRESENTS SHINDIG AT THE RAILWAY CLUB. -Dubie Davies at the Queen E. -Hear D & the Boy at the Coliseum. -Debbie Davies at the Yale. -Disco night at the Commodore.

WED 5 Vinyl with DJ's T-Bone & Dickey Doo at the Starfish. -Debbie Davies at the Yale. -Froyed Kates, Insultation & Bolly Bunch at the Hungry Eye. -Memphis Slax at the Town Pump. -The Racketeers at the Railway. -Reggie Night at Graceland. -Matters of the Flesh at the Firehall Arts Centre. -American Friend (7pm) & Paris Texas (9:30pm) at UBC Cinema. -Latin Beat at the UBC Grad Centre (8:30pm).

THU 6 SUB-SONIC THURSDAYS FEATURING THE RATTLED ROOSTERS, MAJONES AT THE PIT PUB (NO COVER). -Tinga Tinga with DJ's D's & Friendly Planet at the Twilight Zone. -The Bottle with DJ's Clarence & David "Love" Jones at the Piccadilly. -Tinsley Ellis at the Town Pump. -Matters of the Flesh at the Firehall Arts Centre. -Hear & Dance Night at Graceland. -Debbie Davies at the Yale. -Rhythm Method w/special guests at the Railway. -Unplugged Folk/Rock Coffee House & Jam night at the UBC Grad Centre (9:30pm). -American Friend (7pm) & Paris Texas (9:30pm) at UBC Cinema.

FR17 Kim Mitchell, Blu Bones & the Yogh at the Commodore. -King Cobb Steele at the Town Pump. -Friday Folk at Koorner's (no cover). -UIHF at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm). -Voda Hille & her band at the Railway. -Debbie Davies at the Yale. -Funday Folk at the UBC Grad Centre. -Ludwigs at Cafe Deux Soles. -Matters of the Flesh at the Firehall Arts Centre. -Alternative Dance Night at Graceland. -Airheads (7pm) & Speed (9:30pm) at UBC Cinema.

SAT 8 CTR PRESENTS GIRL TROUBLE, THEE SMUGGLERS, ZUMPAANO AT THE STARFISH ROOM. -Vague Special featuring Ten Days Late, Cinnamon, Skated Plank & the Cowards at Crestown Traffic (all ages). -Lee Aaron & the Headstones at the Commodore. -The Ludwigs at Cafe Deux Soles. -Voda Hille & her band at the Railway. -Cajun Dance at the W.I.S.E. Hall (8:30pm). -Matters of the Flesh at the Firehall Arts Centre. -UIHF at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre. -Down By Law Atom Smasher & Soupstars at the Town Pump. -Debbie Davies at the Yale. -Midnight Shift with DJ's T-Bone, Ursula & Dickey Doo at District Coffee. -Noah's Ark (techno & dance) with DJ Noah at Graceland. -Evolution (the reunion) with DJ's Jon Williams, Tony, and Mike Stevens & the Mike Glaude (206 236 3193). -Airheads (7pm) & Speed (9:30pm) at UBC Cinema.

SUN 9 The Mahones at the Town Pump. -Gail Bowen & Friends; gospel, blues & jazz at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm). -Matters of the Flesh at the Firehall Arts Centre. -Kung Fu II at the Railway. -Airheads (7pm) & Speed (9:30pm) at UBC Cinema.

MON 10 L7, Melvins & Wood at the Commodore (all ages). -Tanny & the Americans at the Glass Slipper. -Milla at the Town Pump (no cover). -Matters of the Flesh at the Firehall Arts Centre. -Hazel Motes at the Railway. -Tannahill Weavers at the W.I.S.E. Hall (8pm). -free Tai Chi at the UBC Grad Centre (12:35pm).

TUE 11 CTR PRESENTS SHINDIG FEATURING GROVER FUR, UNIVERSAL LOUNGE ACT, ARTHUR ELLIS AT THE RAILWAY CLUB. -Disco Night at the Commodore. -Matters of the Flesh at the Firehall Arts Centre. -Pool Tourney at the UBC Grad Centre (7pm).

WED 12 Stephen Fearing & Voda Hille at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm). -Reggie Night at Graceland. -Vinyl with DJ's T-Bone & Dickey Doo at the Starfish. -Matters of the Flesh at the Firehall Arts Centre. -Innocemics & Ford Pier at the Railway. -Latin Beat at the UBC Grad Centre (8:30pm). -What's Up Tiger Lily (7pm) & Annie Hall (9:30pm) at UBC Cinema.

THU 13 SUB-SONIC PRESENTS THE SPINNANES AT THE STARFISH ROOM. -Sub-Sonic Thursdays featuring Kuf N Stein at the Pit Pub (no cover).

cover). -Stephen Fearing, Voda Hille at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm). -Unplugged Folk/Rock Coffee House & Jam night at the UBC Grad Centre (9:30pm). -Arrogant Womans at the W.I.S.E. Hall. -Matters of the Flesh at the Firehall Arts Centre. -Knock Down Friendly w/Gloriosa at the Railway. -Tinga Tinga with DJ's Flyte & Friendly Planet at the Twilight Zone. -The Bottle with DJ's Clarence & David "Love" Jones at the Piccadilly. -Hear & Dance Night at Graceland. -What's Up Tiger Lily (7pm) & Annie Hall (9:30pm) at UBC Cinema.

FR14 itch, Bushytais, Dave, WooWoo at the South Wharf (all ages). -Oktoberfest at the Commodore. -Tom Russell & Andy Hall at the W.I.S.E. Hall (8:30pm). -Alternative Dance Night at Graceland. -Matters of the Flesh at the Firehall Arts Centre. -Funkadelic at the UBC Grad Centre (9:30pm). -The Shadow at the Yale. -Friday Folk at Koorner's (no cover). -Foxy Weddings & Funeral (7pm) & The Client of the UBC Grad Centre (9:30pm).

SAT 15 The Special Lovers Go Bowling at the Town Pump. -John Zuma at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm). -The Selector at the Hungry Eye. -Oktoberfest at the Commodore. -Matters of the Flesh at the Firehall Arts Centre. -Midnight Shift with DJ's T-Bone, Ursula & Dickey Doo at District Coffee. -Techno & Dance Night with DJ Noah at Graceland. -Sin with DJ's Ursula, T-Bone, Dickey Doo & Mick Shes at the Lux. -Four Weddings & a Funeral (7pm) & The Client (9:30) at UBC Cinema.

SUN 16 Naked at the Railway. -Four Weddings & A Funeral (7pm) & The Client (9:30pm) at UBC Cinema.

MON 17 Reading Railroad at the Railway. -Bryan Adams at the Hungry Eye. -cheap night at the Hollywood. -free Tai Chi at the UBC Grad Centre (12:45pm). -ZooBoogaloo with DJ Span-K at the Starfish.

TUE 18 CTR PRESENTS SHINDIG FEATURING GOB, THE PAID LOMAS, TBA AT THE RAILWAY CLUB. -Disco Night at the Commodore. -Strains at the Station Street Arts Centre (8pm) (2 for 1). -free Tai Chi at the UBC Grad Centre (12:45pm).

WED 19 MC 900 Foot Jesus, Consolidated, Spoonman at the Commodore. -Reggie Night at Graceland. -Vinyl with DJ's T-Bone & Dickey Doo at the Starfish. -Elizabeth Fischer w/special guests at the Railway. -Strains at Station Street (8pm). -Latin Beat at the UBC Grad Centre (8:30pm). -TBA (7pm) & Company of Wolves (9:30pm) at UBC Cinema.

THU 20 SUB-SONIC THURSDAYS FEATURING ECNOLINE CRUSH AT THE PIT PUB (NO COVER). -Don Ross & Clive Oregon at the W.I.S.E. Hall (8:00pm). -Elizabeth Fischer w/special guests at the Railway. -Unplugged Folk/Rock Coffee House & Jam night at the UBC Grad Centre (9:30pm). -Strains at Station Street (8pm). -The Bottle with DJ's David "Love" Jones & Clarence at the Piccadilly. -Hear & Dance Night at Graceland. -Tinga Tinga with DJ's Flyte & Friendly Planet at the Twilight Zone. -TBA (7pm) & Company of Wolves (9:30pm) at UBC Cinema.

FR17 Coal w/special guests at the Railway. -Steve Coleman & Five Elements at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm). -Friday Folk at Koorner's (no cover). -Oktoberfest at the Commodore. -Alternative Dance Night at Graceland. -The Star Catalogues at the Russian Hall. -Funkadelic at the UBC Grad Centre. -Strains at Station Street (8pm). -TBA (7pm) & The Mask (9:30pm) at UBC Cinema.

SAT 22 Facepplier, the Many, Chronometer at the Hastings Community Centre (all ages). -Funday Folk, Tinga Tinga, Hippo, and the new Rock Theatre (all ages). -Oktoberfest at the Commodore. -Coal w/special guests at the Railway. -Vin Garbutt at the W.I.S.E. Hall (8:30pm). -Strains at Station Street (8pm). -Midnight Shift with DJ's T-Bone, Ursula & Dickey Doo at District Coffee. -Techno & Dance Night with DJ Noah at Graceland. -Debbie with DJ's Quest (Seattle), Czech & T-Bone at the Lux. -TBA (7pm) & The Mask (9:30pm) at UBC Cinema.

SUN 23 Cowboy Night at the Railway. -The Star Catalogues at the Russian Hall. -Strains at Station Street (8pm). -TBA (7pm) & The Mask (9:30pm) at UBC Cinema.

MON 24 Grrrls with guitars at the Railway. -Strains at the Station Street Arts Centre (8pm). -cheap night at the Hollywood. -free Tai Chi at the UBC Grad Centre (12:45pm). -ZooBoogaloo with DJ Span-K at the Starfish.

TUE 25 CTR PRESENTS SHINDIG FEATURING SQUEEKY, MAJORIE CALDWELL, ORBIT IN BLOOM AT THE RAILWAY CLUB. -Disco Night at the Commodore. -Strains at Station Street (8pm) (2 for 1). -free Tai Chi (12:45pm) & Pool Tourney at the UBC Grad Centre (7pm).

WED 26 The Star Catalogues at the Russian Hall. -Seibelle at the Railway. -Strains at Station Street (8pm). -Vinyl with DJ's T-Bone & Dickey Doo at the Starfish Room. -Reggie Night at Graceland. -Latin Beat at the UBC Grad Centre (8:30pm). -Birny (7pm) & Heathers (9:30pm) at UBC Cinema.

THU 27 SUB-SONIC THURSDAYS AT THE PIT PUB FEATURING PEOPLE PLAYING MUSIC, JAZZBERRY RAM AT THE PIT PUB (NO COVER). -Anita the Stockbroker at the Railway. -Standard Changes at the Railway. -Hear & Dance Night at the Vogue (8pm). -Unplugged Folk/Rock Coffee House & Jam night at the UBC Grad Centre (9:30pm). -Tinga Tinga with DJ's Flyte & Friendly Planet at the Twilight Zone. -The Bottle with DJ's David "Love" Jones & Clarence at the Piccadilly. -Hear & Dance Night at Graceland. -Strains at Station Street (8pm). -Birny (7pm) & Heathers (9:30pm) at UBC Cinema.

FR18 Hart Rock Miners at the Railway. -Friday Folk at Koorner's (no cover). -Martin Carthy & Dave Swarbrick at the W.I.S.E. Hall (8:30pm). -The Star Catalogues at the Russian Hall. -Strains at Station Street (8pm). -Alternative Dance Night at Graceland. -Adrian with DJ's Markus-Mark, Garth, Carlos, T-Bone, Quest, Mario & Kipp at Pier 48 (206 292 1478). -Psycho (7pm) & The Exorcist (9:30pm) at the UBC Cinema.

SAT 23 9pm, WooWoo & guests at Crestown Traffic (all ages). -Bill Bourne & Shannon Johnson at the W.I.S.E. Hall (8:30pm). -Hart Rock Miners at the Railway. -The Star Catalogues at the Russian Hall. -Strains at Station Street (8pm). -Midnight Shift with DJ's T-Bone, Ursula & Dickey Doo at District Coffee. -Techno & Dance Night with DJ Noah at Graceland. -Halloween Party with DJ's Ursula, T-Bone, Dickey Doo & guests at 940 Richards (897 7734). -Jazz Yo Jazz with DJ's Clarence & Luis at the Anza. -Hallow's Eve with DJ's T-Bone, Dickey Doo, Czech & Koor Fix (893 0203). -Psycho (7pm). -The Exorcist (9:30pm) & The Rocky Horror Picture Show (midnight) at the UBC Cinema.

SUN 30 New Sci-Fi Horror at the Railway. -Gawa Gyani at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (7pm). -Psycho (7pm) & The Exorcist (9:30pm) at the UBC Cinema.

MON 31 Halloweekend Lates at the Queen E. -Halloween Bash at the Railway. -cheap night at the Hollywood. -free Tai Chi at the UBC Grad Centre (12:45pm). -ZooBoogaloo with DJ Span-K at the Starfish.

VENUES VENUES VENUES VENUES VENUES VENUES

Alma Street Cafe 2505 Alma (at Broadway)	222 2244
Anza Club 3 W 8th (Mount Pleasant)	674 2128
Arts Hotline	684 8787
@ Gallery 110 W Hastings (downtown)	685 0509
Backstage Lounge 1585 Johnston (Granville Island)	687 1354
Cafe Deux Soles 1090 Commercial (the Drive)	254 1195
Cafe Mango 52 Powell (Gastown)	
Cafe Vieux Marais 316 W Hastings (Mount Pleasant)	873 3131
Caprice Theatre 965 Granville (Granville Mall)	683 6099
Celebrities 1022 David (West End)	689 3810
CNMax Theatre 999 Canada Place (downtown)	682 4269
Commodore Ballroom 870 Granville (Granville Mall)	681 7838
Contemporary Art Gallery 555 Hamilton (Yaletown)	
Crestown Trafalgar 316 W Hastings (downtown)	
Dominion Place Cinema 1030 Denman (West End)	683 2201
District Coffee 1035 Mainland (Yaletown)	687 0032
Firehall Arts Centre 280 E Cordova (at Main)	689 0926
Glass Slipper 2714 Prince Edward (Mount Pleasant)	687 0066
Graceland 1250 Richards (downtown)	688 2648
Hastings Community Centre 2096 E Hastings (East Van)	255 2606
Hemp B.C. 324 W Hastings (downtown)	681 4620
Hollywood Theatre 3123 W Broadway (Kitsilano)	738 3211
Howdy n Ballroom 1313 Granville (downtown)	
Hungry Eye 23 W Cordova (Gastown)	688 5351
Koorner's Pub Gate 4 (UBC)	822 0999
La Quena 1111 Commercial Drive (the Drive)	251 6626
Luv-A-Fair 1275 Seymour (downtown)	688 5248
Madame T's 57 E Hastings (Granville)	685 3448
Maximum Love Room 1176 Granville (downtown)	688-8701
Odyssey 1251 Howe (West End)	689 5256
Old American 928 Main (downtown)	682 3291
Orpheum Theatre Smith & Seay (downtown)	665 3050
Pacific Cinema Theatre 1131 Howe (downtown)	731 3456
Paradise Cinema 919 Granville (Granville Mall)	681 1722
Park Theatre 3440 Cambie (South Vancouver)	676 2747
Piccadilly Pub 630 W Pender (downtown)	682 3221
Pit Pub basement, Student Union Building (UBC)	682 6273
Pit Gallery 317 W Hastings (downtown)	681 6740
Pizza Theatre 881 Granville (Granville Mall)	685 7050
Punk Lathering	684 JUNK
Railway Club 579 Dunsmuir (downtown)	681 1625
Ridge Cinema 311 Arbutus (at 16th Avenue)	738 6311
Russian Hall 600 Campbell (Chinatown)	684 2200
Shaggy Horse 818 Richards (downtown)	687 6293
Speedway 23rd & Lonsdale (North Van)	980 5202
Speedy O'Tubbs Fairview (Bellingham)	(206) 734 1539
Starfish Room 1055 Homer (downtown)	682 4171
Starlight Cinema 915 Denman (West End)	689 0996
Station Street Arts Centre 320 Station (downtown)	688 3412
3B Tavern 1226 Stale (Bellingham)	(206) 734 1891
Town Pump 66 Water Street (Gastown)	683 6095
Twilight Zone 7 Alexker (Gastown)	682 8550
UBC Cinema Student Union Building (UBC)	822 3697
UBC Grad Centre Gate 4 (UBC)	822 0999
Vancouver East Cultural Centre 1085 Venable (the Drive)	254 0578
Vancouver Centre Cinema 50 W Georgia (Granville Mall)	669 4441
Vancouver International Film Festival (Hollywood)	685 8352
Varsity Theatre 4375 W 10th Avenue (Point Grey)	682 2235
Video In 1965 Main (South Van)	872 3737
Vogue Theatre 918 Granville (Granville Mall)	257 6205
Waterfront Theatre 1405 Anderson (Granville Island)	685 6217
W.I.S.E. Hall 1882 Adelaide (the Drive)	254 5858
Yale Blues Pub 1300 Granville (downtown)	681 9253

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Sam the Record Man

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Local recording artists H.B. Concept's new CD *Searching for the Lost City* is a bitchin' brew of hot funk and steamy ballads with a jazzin', rockin', soul flavour. Ex-Hendrix drummer, Buddy Miles lends his vocal energy to make this CD a must have.

SING SING DEAD MAN

Skin



Sing Sing Dead Man's debut CD *Skin* consists of a dozen dark, powerful songs combining thoughtful lyrics with strong melodies. "The best debut CD of all time!" —Mike Rashed, SSMD bass player

THRILL SQUAD

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VARIOUS ARTISTS

CLOSET COLLECTIONS AND CONCEPTIONS



Closet Rock 'zine compilation CD only \$6.99 Featuring: August Frost, BasketCase, Caustic Thought, Cinnamon, The Daisy Chain, Darkest of the Hillside Thickets, Done with Dignity, McRackins, Minority, Powder Finger, Scooter Trash, Scrag.

24 JOY

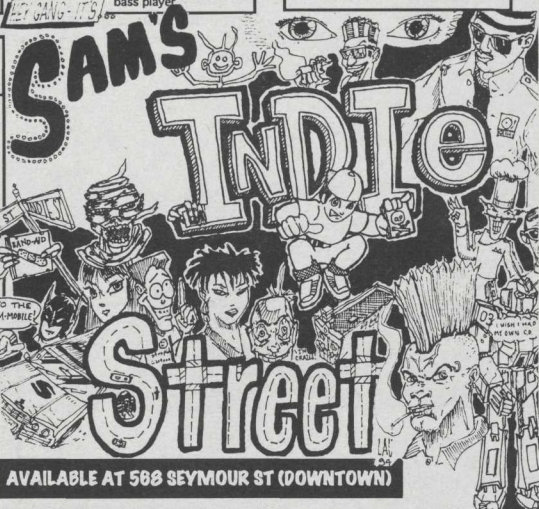
Greatest hits live volume 2 unplugged



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No Morals



No Morals from Done with Dignity, six song cassette featuring track *Death by Press* from Closet Rock Collections CD. No mind altering drugs necessary, unless...

SPARKMARKER

Product's & Accessories



Final Notice Records finally releases Sparkmarker's CD debut, as documented with their two recording sessions in New York City. 13 Songs in total with visual art of local artist Ken Kerber on the Cover.

WICKED SWIMMING DOG

Fruiti, Sex & Tinkerbelle



Grant Lawrence thinks we're metal, but then again he thinks The Smugglers are punk.

S.O.L.

White Lie Ward



S.O.L.'s *White Lie Ward* is a searing and relentless listen. Powerful, explosive, never ending, the band's dark character captures the listener, wrapping them in an assault of grinding guitars and gut wrenching reality.

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Sun 12:00 - 6:00



Gobble, Gobble, Hey! Joey says, "Check out these choice cuts to make any Thanksgiving month a pleasure! You won't go fowl with these ones!"

American Music Club

• San Francisco

San Francisco is a beautiful city, full of interesting stories. But it also has an uncertain sadness throughout. The same can also be said for AMC and their new album. Singer/songwriter Marc Eitzel has long been praised as one of America's finest songsmiths and this album seems destined to lift him above the purgatorial label of "Critic's Darling." Give the guy a hand and pick up this wonderful piece of work.

● 16.98 ☎ 10.98

Eric's Trip

• Forever Again

Oh so beautiful, Eric's Trip's second full-length for Sub Pop hears-achingly moves closer to the essence of their particular song-writing style: biographic melancholy captured very, very quietly. Hiss, click, crack, pop. And yes, they are Canadian.

● 14.98 ☎ 9.98

Daniel Johnston

• Fun

For those of you who might not be familiar with him, Daniel Johnston is a really strange guy from Austin who has been making tapes and records for quite a long time. He has lots of neat friends like Sonic Youth, Half Japanese and the Butthole Surfers. His songs are deceptively child-like and they're funny and they're sad and they have lots of wisdom. They can make your bad day good again.

● 16.98 ☎ 10.98

Liz Phair

• Whip Smart

If I were Liz Phair, I would be nervous. A sophomore effort, tons of attention, high expectations - yikes. Good thing *Whip Smart* is such a great record. Characteristically singing about the resoundingly real and salient issues of everyday life and employing the tactfully appropriate and powerful use of the word "fuck." *Whip Smart* further establishes Liz Phair as a dynamic, creative and crucial contemporary singer songwriter.

● 14.98 ☎ 9.98

Pizzicato Five

• Five Against Five

This Japanese band has been releasing incredibly catchy dance-oriented-with-a-twist records for years but this five-song mini-album is the first to reach our shores. It's fun and cool, so be the first on your block to buy it and be prepared for *Pizzicato Five Mania*, 'cause it's a coming!

● 10.98

Smog

• Burning Kingdom

Redefining the term "brood" in newly expanded musical terms, Bill Smog's introversion is enabled most accessibly. Drums and strings provide rich and effective in the *Burning Kingdom*, displaying a creative possibility up 'til now unexamined by Mr. Smog's somber musical vision. Take a seat.

● 12.98 ☎ 8.98

Sparkmarker

• Products & Accessories

Vancouver's virtuous nice guys' do-it-themselves full-length rocks in a big, loud and heavy way, demanding that these local pleasantly righteous faves have "mighty" permanently fixed to the beginning of their name. Take note, folks: this disk compiles some previously released 7-inch stuff.

● 9.98

The Wedding Present

• Watutsi

Changing gears from the Albini-produced *Sea Monsters* record, David Gedge & Co. are back with a warmer, poppier sound on *Watutsi*. These Brits have never seemed to get the exposure they deserve, but this record adds unique guitar sounds and distinctive vocals, all washed over with trembling keyboards and even some trombone, it can at least be our little secret. And hey... it was recorded in the same studio as Heart's *Bad Animals*, so you know it has to rock!

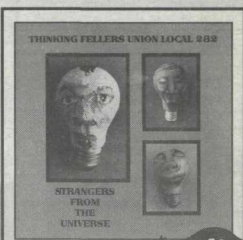
● 16.98 ☎ 10.98

Various Artists

• Rock Stars Kill

Latest edition of anti-star independent, counter-culture poprockrama. Featuring current, brilliant non-stars *Smog*, *Fresh Kitten*, *Helium*, *Rancid*, *Team Dresch*, and many more that you won't read about in *People* or *Us* magazine!

● 14.98



Thinking Fellers Union Local 282

• Strangers from the Universe

Heaps of praise are moved again for one of Zulu's favourite San Francisco bands. *Thinking Fellers Union Local 282* entertain more than they perplex - but they do that pretty well too. Shrugging off descriptions and definitions as limiting and constraining, *Thinking Fellers* whip up another unique release for your enjoyment and exploration.

● 14.98 ☎ 9.98

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Coming soon on Zulu Records the Label! Lavinia's Tongue, Sook-Yin Lee's debut solo album!